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BLACK JOKES
FOR
BLUE DEVILS.



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BLACK JOKES

FOR

BLUE DEVILS.



Born under an Eclipse.

A gentleman said the other day to a servant at the hotel where he was stopping, "Bless my soul, Sambo, how black you are; how in the name of wonder did you get so black?" "Why, look a here, massa, de reason an dis—de day dis chile was born dere was an eclipse." Ebony received a quarter for his satisfactory explanation, and after grinning thanks, continued—"I tell yer what it is, massa dis nigger may be brack, but he ain't green, no how."

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A Comblundrum.



ASSA, Dandy Sam make comblundrum."

"Well, what is it?"

"'Pose I shoot bullet troo deal board wid nim pistol, what else I make beside round hole? Gib him up? Why, I make a riddle."

Classical Names.

"Cæsar, go catch my big horse there."

"Yes sah? What you call he name, sah?"

"Olympus. Don't you know what the poet says about 'high Olympus?'"

"I don't know about Hio; but he limpus 'nuf, dat's for certain."

The Invention of Rum.



E debbel, dey say, long ago had got loose,
And popped his black nose into ebery caboose,
To see if dey'd got any meat on dere hooks,
Or if he'd a chance to get rid of some cooks.

For it has been said,

By him dey am bred;

So he thought he might get him some places
down dere,

Where de people had noting but wool for dere
hair.

(Chorus)—Very rum, very rum.

Old Cæsar Augustus had made his pot hot,
Tho' for dinner he'd noting but horminy got;
So de debble popped in, and just taking a seat,
He pulled from his pocket a bran new receipt.

But Cæsar looked pale,

As he saw his long tail:

So he stirred up his broth, and he chattered wid fright,
For he knew dat de debble intended a bite.

Very rum!

Old cloven-foot say dat old Cæsar was sly,
So he tuk up a sugar-cane standing just by,
And with it he stirred up de water so well,
Dat it bubbled an' fumed wid a beautiful smell.

So sweet did it come,

Dat Cæsar cried rum:

It was rum's fust brewing, and Cæsar had him soon,
Was lapping de broth wid a berry long spoon.

Very rum!

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camp-meetin' to find out. I'se ben to plenty ob dem ar' and nebber could quite see clar. 'Pears like dey talk about eberyting else mor'n dey does 'bout dat. Dere's de Methodists, dey cut up de Presbyter'ans, an' de Presbyter'ans pitches into de Methodists; and den bofe on em's down on de Piscopals. My ole mist' was Piscopal, and I neber seed no harm in it. And de Baptists tink dey a'nt none on 'em right ar' while dey s a-blowin' out at each other dat ar' way, *I se wonder in whar's de way to Canaan I'*

Ringin' the Devil.

A few years ago, at a Negro camp-meeting, held near Flashing, the colored preacher said: "I tell you, my blubbed bredern, dat de debble is a big hog, an' one ob dese days he'll cum along an' *root* you all out." An old negro, in one of the anxious pews, hearing this, raised himself from the straw, and clasping his hands exclaimed in the agony of his tears, "Ring him, Lord! ring him!"

Cuffy and his Master.



T OMPKINS, an esteemed friend of ours, once had a good-for-nothing little black fellow, some twelve or fourteen years old, as a waiter boy, and after enduring his pranks and mischief for some year or so, was at length obliged to send him adrift, to look after himself in the world. Not a great while after parting with little cuffy, his former master having occasion to go to Albany, met him on board the steamboat, where he was employed in the capacity of steward's assistant, and addressing him, he said:

"Well, Jake, are you as bad as ever?"

"Oh, no," answered the young rascal, with a grin that brought into bold relief

every one of his white grinders: "I'se got no bad examples now sah!"

Delirium Tremendous.

A negro was brought up before the Mayor of Philadelphia, a *sho* time since, for stealing chickens.

"Well, Toby," said his honor, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nuffin but dis' boss, I was as crazy as a bed-bug when I stole dat ar' pullet, coz I might hab stole de big rooster, and neber done it. Dat shows clusively to my mind dat I was laborin' under de delirium tremendous."

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Brudder Banjosey—On Kotchin Eels.

Oh! de days when we went eel-kotchin,
A long time ago—
We'd bread and 'lasses ob de bess,
And trowsers made ob tow,
And dere we set de libe long nite,
'Pon de bank so green,
And nought but tubs and eels and grog,
'Bout us cood be seen.
And dus we pass de nite away,
And out de eels wood trow,
In de days when we went eel-kotchin,
A long time ago.

And dem wus merry happy nites,

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Dead drunk was de lot, for de debbel had come,
To show dem how sugar would turn into rum.

But, oh! from dat day,

Dere's de debbel to pay.

For though all de sugar is good for de treat,

Dey get by de sugar-cane jolly well beat.

Very rum!

Insinuating Nigger.

There was said to be a vacant tenement in Cuffee's upper story, and he clucked his grist of corn into the mill, the miller said, "Cuff, they say you are a fool." "Wal, massa," replied Cuff, "Cuff knows um say so—but some ting Cuff know, and some ting he done know." "Well, Cuff, what do you know?" "Wal, massa, Cuff know dat mill-ers always ha' fat hog." "Well, and what *don't* you know?" "Wal, massa—hel hel hel—Cuff *done* know whose corn de hog fat on!"

Hard Prayers.

It is related of a Virginia negro boy, who professed to be dreadfully alarmed at the cholera, that he took to the woods to avoid it, and was there found asleep. Being asked why he went to the woods, he said, "to pray." "But," said the overseer, "how was it you went to sleep?" "Don't know, massa, 'zackly," responded the negro, "but I spec I must hab *over-prayed myself*."

Negro Funeral.

A preacher when in the West Indies, one day undertook to read the burial service over a negro, which was listened to with great attention. But when the Doctor came to the part, "Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," the Negro who officiated as sexton, and was prepared with a spade of earth for the usual ceremony, interrupted him with an intimation that he had neglected to order the coffin to be put down first: "Put him in de hole fust, Massa—always put him in de hole fust!"

"The Road to Canaan."



RS. Stowe's book, "*Dread*," teaches many a lesson to white folks through a dark medium, and not the least pointed one is the rebuke given Christian denominations by "Old Tiff," for their mint, anise and cummin wrangles, while enquirers are asking the plan of salvation. "Old Tiff" has the care of the children of his dead mistress, and having told them that their mother had gone to the land of Canaan, one enquires as follows: "Uncle Tiff, where is the land of Canaan?" "De Lor-a-mercy, chile, dat ar's what I'd like to know myself. I's studJ'n' upon dat ar. I's gwine to

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Married Life.

Said Dinah to Sambo, as they were taking a loving promenade, "What your 'pinion 'bout the married life? tink it be de happiest?" "Well, I tell you; dat ar' pend altogedder how dey enjoy demselves."

Lost by an Absent H.

A cockney at a restaurant the other day called for a piece of pie to go off with. Upon tasting, he found it to be cold, and calling the Ethiopian waiter who stood near, said to him: "Take the pie to the fire and 'eat it." His consternation was great when Sambo walked to the stove and quietly devoured the pie.

Congress and Christians.

A negro, while under examination, on being asked whether his master was a Christian, replied, "Oh, Lor' no! he's a member of Congress!"

Dark Weather.

"Good mornin', Sambo; berry hot wedder, Sambo. Dey do say dat it am so hot down-east, dat dey is 'bliged to take off de tops ob de houses to let in de air." "Well, Cuffy, it can't git no hotter in our house, anyhow, cause de frenometer's got bang up to de top: dat's one comfort, Cuffy."

A long time ago;
When we eel'd from dark till light,
De moon as lite as snow.
And dere we sung de jolly song,
And danced upon de shore,
But, ah! dese hallumlujah days,
Will kum agin no more.
Ah, how we pass'd de time away,
Nor thought ob care or woe,
On de nites when we went eel-kotchin,
A long time ago.

Quick Time.

A gentleman travelling at the South, inquired of a negro the distance to a certain place, and received this reply: "Dat 'pends on circumstances, massa. Ef you gwine afoot it'll take you 'bout a day; ef you gwine in de stage or the honeybus, you make it in half a day; but ef you git it in one of dese smoke wagons (railroads) you almost dar now."

Jonah Turned Up.

Not long since, in South Carolina, a clergyman was preaching on

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the disobedience of Jonah, when commanded to go and preach to the Ninevites. After expatiating for some time on the truly awful consequences of disobedience to the Divine commands, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, that passed through the congregation like an electric shock:

"And are there any Jonah's *here*?"

There was an old negro present, whose name was Jonah, who, thinking himself called on, immediately rose, with his broadest grin and best bow, very readily answered:

"*Here be one, massa!*"



Hard to take a Hint.

"Pompey, did you take the billet to Mr. Jones?"

"Es, massa."

"Did you see him?"

"Es, sar, me jus did."

"How was he?"

"Woy, massa, he looked pooty well, 'sidering he so blind!"

"Blind! what do you mean by that?"

"Woy, massa, when I was in de room, a gibbing him de paper, he axed me whar was my hat; and, massa, perhaps you won't believe me, he wur on de top ob my head de hull time!"

Confidential.

"Massa says you must sartin pay de bill to-day," said a negro to a New Orleans shop-keeper.

"Why, he is'n't afraid I'm going to run away, is he?" was the reply.

"Not 'zactly dat; but look heea," said the darkey, slyly and mysteriously, "he's gwine to run away heself and derefor wants to make a big raise!"

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rib out he side and make Ebe: and he set Ebe in de corner of de garden; an' he tole her to eat all de apples, 'ceptin' dem in de middle ob de orchard; dem he winter apples. Wun day de Lor' go out a bisit-in'; de debbil cum-along; he dress hisself in de skin ob de snake, and he find Ebe; an' he tole her: 'Ebe! why for you no eat de apple in de middle ob de orchard?' Ebe say: 'Dem de Lor's winter apples.' But de dibbil say: 'I tole you for to eat dem, case deys de best pples in de orchard.' So Ebe eat de apple an' gib Adam a bite; an' lebbil go away. Byme-bye de Lor' come home, an' he miss de winter-apples; an' he call: 'Adam! you Adam!' Adam he lay low; so de Lor' call again: 'You, Adam!' Adam say: 'Hea, Lor'!' and de Lor' say: 'Who stole de winter-apples?' Adam tole him he don't know—Ebe he expect'! So de Lor' called: 'Ebe!' Ebe she lay low; de Lor' call again: 'You, Ebe!' 'Ebe say: 'Hea, Lor'.' De Lor' say: 'Who stole de winter apples?' Ebe tole him she don't know—Adam she expect'! So de Lor' coteh 'em boff, and he throw dem over de fence, an' he tole 'em, 'Go work for your libin'!'"

Fust in Lub! and Ice Cream!

"I hab always in my life," said Cæsar Hannibal, "found de gals to be fust in lub, fust in a quarrel, fust in de dance, fust in de ice-cream saloon, and de fust, best, and last in de sick-room! What would we poor fellers do widout dem? Let us be born as young, as ugly, and as helpless as we please, and a woman's arms am ready to receive us sho it am who puts close 'pon our helpless, naked limbs, and cubbers up our footses and toeses in long, flannel petticoats; and it am she, wh, as we grow up, fills our dinner-basket wid doughnuts and apples 's we start to school, and licks us when we tears our trowsers."

Loud Prayers.

PIOUS negro belonging to a Quaker, made such a noise by shouting aloud his prayers in the kitchen as to disturb the whole house, whereupon Broadbrin. admonished him that the Lord was not deaf, and could hear the faintest whisper "Yi, yi," triumphantly replied the negro, "but de scripiter says, '*holler-ed be thy name!*'"



Never See Um Again!

"Sam, why don't you talk to your massa, and tell um to lay up his treasure in heaven?"

"What's the use of his laying up his treasure dar, where he neber see um again?"

A Kind-hearted Negro.

"Pompey, are you willing to be damned, if it should be the Lord's will?" inquired a pious friend.

"O, yes, massa! and more too; I's willing you be damned, too. Massa!" replied Pompey.

Roosting High.

"Now, look'er yer, Charley, Jim mout be an honest nigger, an then, again, he mouten't; but if I was a chicken, and know'd he wa about de yard, I tell ye wot, nigger, I'd roost high—that I would!"



NORTH AND SOUTH:

—OR—

"The Good Time Coming!"

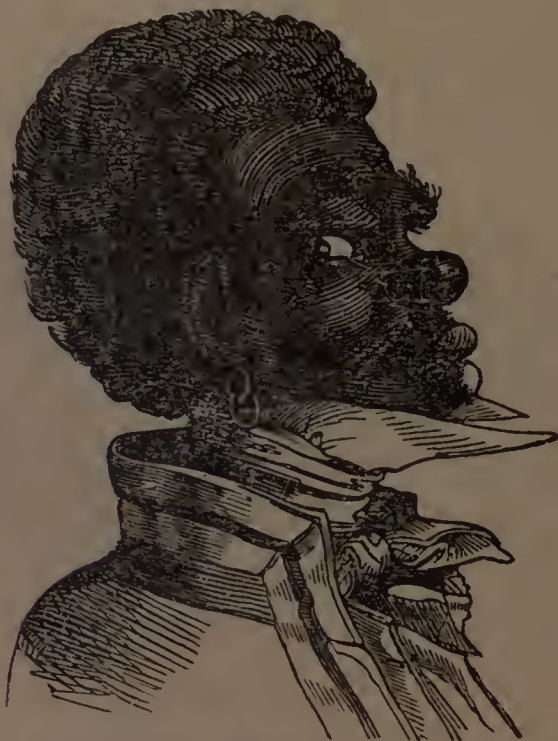
"Keep Off dat Heel!"

Isaiah Smith is black enough to pass for the ace of spades. His body presents the Ethiopian formation, without blemish. He exhibits the woolly head, thick lips, and the long heels. Now, Isaiah is a peaceable man, and tho' peaceable, no one has a right to tramp on his heels. Yet, somebody did do it, the other night, down on Rice street and Cherry alley; and, besides that, gave Isaiah a 'clue' on his left cheek. How it happened, we do not know to a positive certainty but we will let Julius Cæsar Anderson, a woolly-headed friend of Isaiah's tell the story. One Joseph Wellenkamp, being charged with assaulting Isaiah, in the Police Court this morning, Julius Cæsar Anderson was called up for a witness.

"Well, you sec, hoss," said he, after being sworn, "I cooks down on Sixth street. Well, I meets Isaiah, and sez Isaiah to me, 'Dat wife mine bery, bery sick, Julius, an' I want's you to guy 'long down an' see her.' 'Dosen't car ef I does,' sez I to Isaiah, so down dar we goes. Well, Isaiah's wife war bery sick. We guys into de house an

found her in de bed. 'How is you?' sez I to Isaiah's wife. 'Dam sick,' says she, '*but I tinks if Isaiah go gets me a bolona sassage, I eats it and gets better!*'"

This created a roar of laughter, which caused Julius to roll up de white of his eyes, and exclaim—



"Dat's sc! She want's de sassage, so Isaiah and I guys 'long for the sassage. We gets to de street, and Isaiah yells out, "Get off dat heel!" Sez I 'bress de Lor', I ain't on yer heel, Isaiah. Den he looks aroux', and dar stood dat white man, stan'n on Isaiah's heel!"

Here the laughter drowned the witness' voice. After a while he continued:

"Lor' a mighty, I war skeered. Y'ou better b'lieve I takes de outside by de curb. Den dat white man he get off Isaiah's heel an' he up fist an' foteh him a lick right spank in de face. Den sez I, 'Legs do him duty,' and I runs like de berry debbel. When dis chicken comes back he goes de udder way, he did."

Yaller Fever and Philosophy.

John Canepole was a small pocket edition of humanity. He had a black servant who was a stout fellow; and being a privileged joker, Sambo let no occasion pass unimproved, where he could rally his master upon his diminutive carcass. John was taken sick, and Sam-

bo was sent for the doctor. The faithful negro loved his master, and upon the arrival of the physician looked up in his face anxiously. Examining the symptoms, the Doctor pronounced his patient in no danger. Reassured by this, Sambo's spirits returned, and he indulged his natural disposition for drollery. "I tell you, Doctor, Massa Canepoie will die, cause he got a fever!" "A fever, you black dog," said the patient, "does a fever always kill a man?" "Yes massa, when a fever gets into such a little man, it never hab room to *turn* in him, and if the fever no turn, you die sartin!"



A Fat Dance.

"Miss Josephina," said a thick, cherry-lipped negro, to one of Afric's daughters. "Miss Josephine, will you does dis nigger de anticipation ob dancin' a Wirginny reel wid 'im?"

"I doesn't assent to dance vulgaracious dances ob dat sort, Mr. Casus," said Miss-Josephina, turning up still higher her well-rounded upper lip—turning it up till it fairly tickled her nose— "I dances only de porker!"

Negro Attachment.

A Scotch merchant, in the island of Jamaica, had among his slaves one whom he very much disliked, and treated with the greatest severity: A mutual dislike soon grew on the part of Quashy; not only to his master, but to all Scotchmen. Sunday being his holiday, he bought at the water-side some fry (a small fish like shrimps), and called past his master's door!"

"Fine Scotchmen, all alive! Scotchmen! buy my Scotchmen!"

His master in a rage calls him, "What have you there?"

"Scotchmen, massa."

"Let me look? Why, you rascal, these are shrimps; how dare you call them Scotchmen?"

"Oh, massa, looka here, dem *stick together like Scotchmen*; come one, come twenty, every time."

His master did not forget the first opportunity to scratch Quashy's back. After some time, the master was laid on his death-bed, Pouch'd with remorse at the reflection of the severity he had treated this poor creature with, he sent for him to the bed-side.

"Well, Quashy, I am going to die."

"Oh, massa, no *kickeraboo* yet."

"Yes, I must. I now feel I have been too harsh with you?"

"Oh, massa, you flog me like a devil!"

"To make you amends, I'll leave you your freedom."

"Bless you heart, massa."

"Any thing else can you ask of me?"

"Yes, massa, one little favor; when Quashy dead, let him be bury close alongside of you."

"Affectionate creature! But why so?"

"Because, when the devil come, he will be so busy *about you*, he forget Quashy."

Keep in de Current.



HE other night in Montgomery, Alabama, I stepped into the Presbyterian lecture-room where a slave was preaching: "My Bredren," says he, "God bress your souls, 'ligion is like de Alabama river; in spring come fresh, an' bring in all de ole logs, slabs, an' sticks dat hab been lyin' on the bank, an' carry dem down in de current. Bymeby de water down, den a log cotch here on dis island, den a slab gits cotched on the shore, an' de sticks on de bushes; an' dare dey lie wid'in on de shore an' dryin' till come 'nother fresh. Jus' so dare come 'vival of 'ligion'.

den dis sinner bro't in, dis ole backslider bro't back, an' all de folk seen, commin', an' mighty good times. But, bredren, God bress you sonis, bymeby 'vival gone; den dis ole sinner is stuck on his ole sin, den dat ole backslider is cotched where he was afore, on jus' such a rock; den one after 'nother dat had got 'ligion lies all along de shore an' dare dey lie till 'nother 'vival. Beloved bredren, God bress our souls, keep in de current."

One Eyed John.

"My brethering, I am gwine to preach you a very plain sar-

mon to-day—a sarmon what even women can understand. You will find my text in the 5 varse of the two-eyed chapter of one-eyed Joann." It was some time before it was perceived that he meant 1 John, chapter II.

A Darkey's Speech.



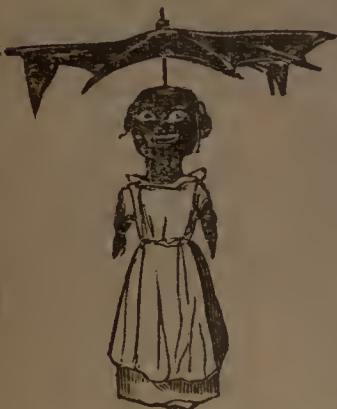
IN one of the smaller cities of Massachusetts, the colored population held meetings to discuss the propriety of celebrating the anniversary of West Indian Emancipation, August 1st. At one of these meetings, a very conservative gentleman was exceedingly surprised to see some of the "fair sex" rising and taking part in the discussion. After two or three of the sisters had "freed dar mines" on matters under debate, he sprung up in a greatly excited state, and addressed the audience:

"Feller-citizens! ef I'd sposed 'at de ladees wood p'mitted to take a part in dis yere discus-

sion (sensation)—ef I'd node 'at de ladees could jine in dis debate—(all eyes turned on the speaker)—ef I'd bleeved for one minit, feller-citizens, 'at de female sect wood dare to raise deir voice in dis yere meetin' I'd, feller-citizens—('Wot, wot wood you've a—did—ef you'd node it?' shouted two or three of the strong minded sisters, as the whites of their eyes flashed on the speaker)—I'd (scratching his wool) *I'd a brung my wife along with me!*"

Here the discomfited orator dropped into his seat, completely exhausted.

A Southerner's Household.



HEY number four persons. My cook, Sophronisba Ethelia Malvina Jones, whom I call "Aunt Niz" for brevity; "Cuff," whom I also term Caesar, Pompey, Jove, &c., and who does not object to answer to the name of John; Peter, my hostler, and Hein-Eifels Johann Pfroschlangstered Duminkopf, my gardener, market-man, model of industrious stupidity, and universal laughter stimulant, whom I call by his entire name, by way of lingual excitation. Thank fortune, every one of my family are *characters*, originals, departures from the common run, and worthy of being studied

specimens of psychological mysteries. I was desirous to have it so, and of a surety I have not been disappointed.

Aunt Niz belongs to me. I purchased her and have a bill of sale.

I paid just \$20 for her. I would not take \$1000. I paid a visit to an Eastern Shore friend of mine recently, and having mentioned my intentions of farming, he asked me if I did not want a cook. I did.—He had the very best article for me, he said, and called up Aunt Niz. I was struck with her appearance.

"Would you like to live with me?" asked I.

"Is you married, marster?"

I uttered a cry of indignant repugnance.

"Does you b'long to de temp'rance s'ciety, marster?"

I shouted nol nol! nol!!

"Den I packs my trunk dis night, if you will buy me, marster.—You jist is de berry man. Mars. John here's berry good, but him's new married wife um got too much ob de mistress 'bout her. She *will* keep poking all 'round de kitchen, spite um all I can say, an' she locks the jimmydon so tight I can't even smell ary drop of whiskey."

"What are her faults?" asked I, when she had gone.

"She *will* have her own way. She *will* get drunk. She *will* smoke the foulest pipe, run away to husking frolics, and steal from the pantry!"

"Her virtues?" asked I, laughing.

"Good cook, and honest, except to eatables and liquors, and strong as an ox, though she's full fifty years old."

"What is your price?"

"Oh, I would not sell her for anything. I will *give* her to you, if you will promise never to send her out of the State."

"I will give you that promise and \$20 if you will give me a bill of sale."

It was done; and thus I came into possession of "Aunt Niz." She pleases me very much. She is a very tall, spare built old woman, straight as an arrow, with a fine intelligent countenance, and a very long arm. She dresses either in "linsey woolsey" or "blue domestic," and has sold two dresses that I gave her for whiskey. She always wears a parti-colored bandanna turban on her head, put far back, so as not to interfere with the buckets, tubs, bags, and milkpans that she is constantly carrying about upon the summit of her cranium. I like her much, I say, though her faults are many. She knows how to cook, and is willing, obliging and considerate. She has faults, most undoubtedly. I have had her six weeks, and she has been drunk thirteen times. She pilfers my groceries a little and smokes whenever she is at work. It was only yesterday that she came in and told me the dog had stolen my butter.

"Is it not in your closet, Aunt Niz? You have' not looked well. Let *me* look."

She hurried ahead of me, opened the closet door, and I saw her thrust something very suspiciously into her bosom.

"It's not *dar*, marster, you *see*?"

"No, it isn't *dar*. But what yellow stuff is that smeared on your chin, aunt Niz?"

She had a great lump of butter there.

"Oh, dat's lard, marster."

"What are you doing with lard on your chin?"

"Why, you see, marster, as I tuck de coffee biler off'n de fire, de steam flewed up, an' blistered my chin 'mazin' bad: so I put de lard on to heal him."

It was very hot in the kitchen, and already the butter began to men under her dress and ooze through.

"Where did you get so much grease on your sleeves, aunt Niz?" asked I.

"Oh, Lord, marster Q', as I'm a sinner, it's bin so hot it's done and melted de lard from my chin, so dat it's done dropped down dar. Dat am bad, sartin."

"What have you got here, aunt Niz?" said I, touching my finger against the plate in which the butter was, as it half showed itself under her dress.

"Jerush, Marster Penne, doesn't you really know dats my decease? I been had de—de—hossferfecashun of the chist. You know—de bones all turn into meat—I means dat de meat all grow into bone.—Doctors hab tell me it'll kill me one ob dese days. Now, raelly, ef Marster John meant a fair trade, he should have told you all my blemishes; don' ye think so, marster?"

I gave up the butter subject after that, and she may steal it by the pound, so I have enough.



Next on my list is "Cuff." He is "my little black boy," and has the "gizzard foot and Eboe shin" to an intensity perfectly wonderful. His face is as black and as round, and as shiny as one of those fresh painted cannon balls that they pile so symmetrically in the navy-yards.

"Cuff" is a humorist, a fellow of finest fancies, and when he rolls his eyes and shows his splendid teeth with an appreciative chuckle, says he would like to be a theaumatizer actor, and play Othello and Desdemona.

He is a decided good boy, is "Cuff," is a practical philosopher of the class of "optimists," and is opposed to any expenditure of the "muscular fibre" that can be avoided.

I like to see him sleeping of an afternoon, under my hammock, and it delights me to notice how patiently he will bear any amount of calling without indicating his annoyance, or, indeed, showing in any way his consciousness of it; and when I pour a tumbler full of water into his ear, instead of getting angry, he only sighs gently and turns upon the other side.



Who knows but my philosopher Cuff may in time become an *Æsop* or *Epictetus*?

Nor could any observant person fail to derive benefit from a study of the appearance and character of Peter, who superintends my stables, and assists at whatever other work may not interfere with his own ideas of comfort. Peter is sixty years of age, tall and comely, with his broad, liver-colored visage, his hair sprinkled with gray, his immensely capacious mouth, and the general atmosphere of well-to-do unctuousness that pervades him and his surroundings.

Peter is a member of the church, and a class leader, and a thorough bred type of the Chadband school done in brown. His prayer wells over with his complacent "Phariseism," which is shocked and dis-

tressed at the "sinful creatures" around him, and his hypocrisy is so closely interwoven into the woof of his being, that without it he would lose his charm, would not be Peter. He drinks his whiskey as in the act of the bestowal of a "cup of cold water" upon some famished brother—and he is not a disciple of Father Matthew; he steals a sheep and then draws a knife across its throat with the air of a father who is slaying the fatted calf upon the return of a much loved prodigal, and performs every action, good, bad, or indifferent, with the stateliness and dignity of a Roman Senator. It is almost impossible to disturb his equanimity. If you accuse him of wrong doing, he mildly drops an appropriate text about the imperfections and injustice of human justice, and murmurs something very provoking about: "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Aunt Niz, who hates him for a "sneaking cat's paw" is the only one who can manage him. She often sends him salt for sugar, spills her hot grease upon him, gives him broken plates to eat out of, and makes him uncomfortable as possible. Once she made him angry and from my hammock I heard a most prodigious oath and a blow. I went to the kitchen, and there was aunt Niz, drunk, on the floor, with an empty jug in her hand, and Peter standing over her with a huge hickory broom raised on high!

"What, Peter, beating a woman?"



"No, Master Wilhelm, thanks be to God. I have a sufficient control over my exasperations—I was only returning good for evil. This drunken wretch had robbed me of my stomach bitters, and I am keeping the flies off her."

Didn't know what struck him.

A young fellow, once walking down a street, in Richmond, Va. was met by a son of darkness, who, in passing, jostled him. The young fellow turned quickly, and, with one blow, knocked him into the middle of the street. Slowly picking himself up, and rubbing his eyes, he exclaimed, with an irresistible ludicrousness, "Lor' Almighty massa! how did I git heah?"

Looked like a Nigger.

Our Jim was only three years old. A colored barber was sent for to shave Jim's uncle, who was sick. Jim hated *niggers*, as he called them. We knew that our poor colored brother would have rather a hard time if we did not give some wise and wholesome advice to our little three-year-old previous to his coming; so, taking him aside, we said:

"Georgie, there is a *colored gentleman* coming to shave Uncle William to-day, and you may go and see him if you will not call him a *nigger* for he isn't; he is a *colored gentleman*. Now you won't call him a *nigger*, will you?"

"No, Marm!"

Thus our fears were at an end; and in the course of the morning our worthy friend came. Georgie watched him very closely, and seemed evidently to be in something of a "brown study." At length going up quite near him, he gave *one* very scrutinizing glance, and said:

Look here! you ain't a nigger, are you? you are a colored gentleman; but you look like a nigger, prettily."

This was too much for black or white to endure, and our colored friend seemed to enjoy the joke as much as any of us.

Mutton versus Souls.

Let me tell you an incident. I know it to be true, for it occurred here in Zanesville. Judge A——, the individual mentioned, is our present member of Congress, and Parson Jones, the old negro preacher, (heaven rest his bones!) with his old gray mare and rickety cart, have long since returned to dust. The judge was present at the delivery of one of his sermons, and was brought in by the speaker by way of illustrating a certain position then and there taken by him.

"My dear friends and brethren," said he, "de soul ob de brack man is as dear in de sight ob de Lord as de soul ob de white man. Now you all see Judge —— a-sitting dah leaning on his golden headed cane; you all know de Judge, niggas, and a berry fine man he is, too. Well

now, I'se gwine to make a little comparishment: Suppose de judge, some fine mornin' puts his basket on his arm and goes to market to buy a piece of meat. He soon finds a nice fat piece of mutton and goes off with it. Do you 'spose de judge would stop to 'quire weender dat mutton was ob a white sheep or ob a brack sheep? No, nuffin ob de kind; if de mutton was nice an' fat it would be all de same to de judge; he would not stop to ask wedder de sheep had white wool or brack wool. Well, jis so it is; my frens, wid our Hebenly Master He does not stop to ax wedder a soul 'longs to a white man or a brack man—wedder his head was kivered wid straight har or kivered wid wool; the only question he would ax will be, 'Is dis a good soul?' and if so de Massa will say, 'Enter into de joy ob de Lord, an' sit down on de same bench wid de white man; ye's all on a perfect 'quality.'"

Editors not Gemmen.

An editor got shaved in a barber-shop lately, and offered the darkey a dime, which was refused; because, said he, "I understand you is an editor!"

"Well, what of that?"

"We neber charge editors nuffin."

"But such liberality will ruin you."

"Oh, nebber mind, we makes it up off de *gemmen*!"

"Great Cry and Little Wool."



"Gum Games."

At a negro camp meeting held when such assemblies were less rare than they are at present, the speaker in depicting the horrors of eternal punishment, reiterated the phrase—"There shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth," accompanying the last expression with an appropriate movement of the lower jaw. It so happened that a gray old sinner had obtained possession of one of the seats on the stage, where he sat, at every recurrence of this phrase, rubbing his toothless gums with a grin of complacent satisfaction, that greatly disturbed the gravity of the beholders. It was some time before the

speaker discovered what was distracting the attention of his audience, but when he did, he turned to the offender, and with redoubled earnestness exclaimed, "an' dem what's got no teeth 'ill hab to gum it."

Cuffee ahead of Chemistry.

"I say, Cuffee, does you know what makes de corn grow so fast when you put de manure on it?"

"No, I don't know 'cept it makes de ground stronger for de corn."

"No, I just tell you; when de corn begins to smell de manure, it don't like de 'fumery, so it hurries out of de ground and gets up as nigh as possible, so it can't breathe de bad air,"

"Vanity Fair."



Bleaching a She-ting.

"Sam, why am de beloved ob my heart, Miss Dinah, de sunflower b de hill, like a kind ob cloth dey make in Lowell?"

"I don't know, nigger—why?"

"Cos she's an *unbleached she-ting*."

Betting with a Mule.

A Georgia negro was riding a mule along, and came to a bridge, when the mule stopped.

"I'll bet you a quarter," said Sambo, "I'll make you go ober dis bridge," and with that he struck the mule over the ears, which made him nod his head suddenly. "You take de bet den," said the negro,

and then contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge. "I won dat quarter, anyhow," said Sambo.

"But how will you get your money?" said a man close by, unperceived.

"To-morrow," replied Sambo, "massa gib a dollah to get corn, an' take de quarter out."

Black Coffins.

During the war Sir Isaac Coffin visited Dartmoor prison, for the purpose of releasing all the American prisoners who bore the name of Coffin, and might be supposed to be of his family. When a number had been liberated, a negro presented himself, and claimed his liberty by the same title.

"What," said the Admiral, "you a Coffin too!"

"Yes, massa."

"How old are you?"

"Me thirty year, massa."

"Well, then, you are not one of the Coffins, for they never turn black before they are forty."

The Brewer and Negro.



A Brewer in a country town
 Had got a monstrous reputation:
 No other beer but his went down—
 The hosts of the surrounding station
 Carving his name upon their mugs,
 And painting it on every shutter;
 And tho' some envious folks would utter
 Hints that its flavor came from drugs,
 Others maintain'd 'twas no such matter,
 But owing to his monstrous vat,
 At least as corpulent as that
 At Heidelberg—and some said fatter

BLACK JOKES FOR BLUE DEVILS.

His foreman was a lusty black,
 An honest fellow;
 But one who had an ug'y knack
 Of tasting samples as he allowed,
 Till he was stupefied and mellow.
 One day in this top-heavy mood.
 Having to cross the vat aforesaid,
 (Just then with boiling beer supplied)
 O'ercome with giddiness and qualms, he
 Reel'd—fell in—and nothing more said,
 But in his favorite liquor died,
 Like Clarence in his butt of Malnsey.

In all directions round about
 The negro absentee was sought,
 But as no human noddle thought
 That our fat Black was now Brown Stout



They settled that the negro had left
 The place for debt or crime or theft.

Meanwhile the beer was day by day
 Drawn into casks and sent away.
 Until the lees flowed thick and thicker,
 When lo! outstretched upon the ground,
 Once more their missing friend they found,
 As they had often done—in liquor.

See, cried his moralizing master,
 I always knew the fellow drank hard
 And prophesied some sad disaster;
 His fate should other tipplers strike,
 Poor Mungo! there he welters, like
 A toast at bottom of a tankard!

Next morn a publican whose tap
 Had help'd to drain the vat so dry,
 Not having heard of the mishap,
 Came to demand a fresh supply,
 Protesting loudly that the last
 All previous specimens surpass'd,

Possessing a much richer *gusto*
Than formerly it ever used to,
And begging as a special favor
Some more of the exact same flavor.

Zounds! cried the Brewer, that's a task
More difficult to grant than ask,
Most gladly would I give the smack
Of the last beer to the ensuing,
But where am I to find a Black,
And boil him down at every brewing?

A Hair Question.—A Colored Confab.



Pomp—"Why you hab your hair parted in de middle, you swelligger?"

Cuff—"Kase it's de fashun wid all what respects demselves, you old-headed embodiment ob blacking, you. But what is de difference between your hair and mine, Pomp?"

Pomp—"Gibs it up."

Cuff—"My hair is *parted* in de middle, and your'n is *de-parted*!"

Negro Wit.

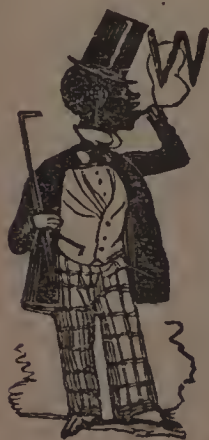
A planter in Malden, Massachnsetts, had a slave who had been in his family until he was about seventy years of age. Perceiving that there was not much work for the old man, the planter spoke to him one day to the following effect:—

"You have been a faithful servant, Sambo, to me, and my father before me. I have long had thoughts of rewarding you for your services. I give you now your freedom. You are your own master.

The old negro listened attentively to this discourse; when it was concluded he shook his grisly head, and, with a sly glance, showing that he saw through his master's intentions, replied:—

"No, no, massa; you eat de meat, and now you must pick de bone."

Nigger Powder.



hat a funny name is yours, Sambo."

"Es, sir, berry funny—but I got christened Powder Magazine for a 'ticular object."

"What was that, Sambo?"

"Cos Massa, who is very hot-tempered, darn't blow him up."

Nigger Philosophy.

"Cuffee, which do you tink de most useful of de planets, de sun or de moon?"

"Well, Sambo, I think the moon orter take the fus rank in dat ar 'tickler."

"Wha, wha, wha, why do you tink so, Cuffee?"

"Well, I tell you—kase she shines by night when we want light, and de sun shines by day, when we

do not."

"Well, Cuff, you is the grea-est nigger I knows on—dat's a real fac."

Negro Wit

"Jack," said a gentleman to an old negro who was rather lazily engaged in clearing the snow from his premises—"Jack, my old boy, you dont get along with this job very fast."

"Why master," replied Jack, scratching his wool, "pretty considerable for an old man, I guess; and I conceit myself that I can clear more snow away in dese here short days, dan de spryest nigger in dis city could do in de longest summer day as ever was."

You not so berry fat, after all.



field slave in the south one day found in his trap a plump rabbit. He took him out alive, held him under his arm, patted him and began to speculate on his good qualities.

"Oh, how fat—berry fat—the fattest I eber did see! Let me see how I'll cook him. I broil him? No; he so fat he lose all

de grease! I fry him? Ah, yes! He so berry fat he fry himself! Golly, how fat he be! No; I won't fry him—I stew him!"

The thought of the savory stew made the negro forget himself, and in spreading out the feast in his imagination, his arms relaxed, when off hopped the rabbit; and, squatting at a goodly distance, he eyed his late owner with cool composure.

The negro knew there was an end of the stew, and summoning up all his philosophy, he thus addressed the rabbit, at the same time haking his fist at him:

"You long-eared, white-whiskered rascal—you not so berry fat, arter all!"

Old Ginger Crow



Old Ginger Crow,
Him come from Alabama;
Old Ginger Crow,
Him downy as a hammer.
Raccoon's tail am berry long,
Monkey's nose am blue;
Oh! Missy Dinah——
Chickabbiddy Cool

Chorus.
Walk Ginger Crow
Jenny, oh, my!
Old Johnny Walker,
Hit him in de eye.

BLACK JOKES FOR BLUE DEVILS

Dinah's legs am like de mop;
 Her feet am like de shovel!
 All her lily picaninnies
 Ugly as de debble.
 Oh! if I was in old Kentuck,
 As sure as eggs am eggs,
 I'd punch dat sassy nigger Sam
 And pull him by de legs.
 Walk Ginger Crow, *See.*

Old Ginger Crow was taken ill—
 It wasn't long ago—
 Dem say it was de toothache
 Attack him in de toe.
 And now de poor old boy am dead,
 And in him grave am laying;
 And so de niggers can't insult him
 Any more by saying—

Walk Ginger Crow,
 Jenny, oh, my!
 Old Johnny Walker
 Hit him in de eye!

Substraction.

"Sambo, 'spose dere is six chickens in a coop, and the man sells three, how many is dere left?"

"What time ob day was it?"

"What hab dat got to do wid it?"

"A good deal. If it was after dark, dere would be none left, dat is, if you happened to come along dat way."

"Look heah, nigga, stop dem personalities, or I'll shove a brick at dat head ob yourn."

*The real Ethiopian Serenaders, or the first that extracted Notes
 (Bank) from Bones.*



Trick of a Negro Ventriloquist.

A night or two since an officer of the Sixth ward in Philadelphia overhauled a colored individual who was coming away from the wharf with a coil of rope. Darkey was questioned as to where he got the chattels, and he replied that he was a hand on the steamboat Forrest, and that both the rope and the custodian were "all right."—The officer turned ebony to the right about, and both went together on board the boat. Nobody was in sight, and the darkey went boldly on the gangway, and shouted out:

"Hellow, Bill!"

"Hellow it is!" came a response, in a gruff, sepulchral tone, which Blitz would have envied, and which seemed to emerge from the depths of the steamer.

"Come up on deck, right away, Bill; dere's a police got me for stealin' dis rope!"

"Ay! ay!" again shouted the gruff voice—"jist wait, can't you, till I git on my trousis?"

"Well, pull a heel den, and be quick, for I wants to be off."

This colloquy served to measurably satisfy the officer, and he relaxed his watchfulness over his prisoner. The latter embraced the opportunity to take his leave slyly, and he took the coil of rope with him. The officer meantime became tired of waiting, and went in search of his voucher for his late prisoner. After considerable trouble a man who was sleeping below was roused up and questioned concerning the colored man and the coil of rope. The sleepy individual avowed he knew nothing about either, and the officer finally ascertained that he had been sold by a thief who possessed first-class ventriloquial power.

No Truth in Him.

"Jim, I believe Sam's got no truth in him."

"You don't know nigger; dere's more truth in dat nigger dan all de s' on de plantation."

"How do you make dat?"

"Why, him never let any out, do he?"

Cato's Philosophy.

"Cato, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes to the south in the winter?"

"Well, I don't know, massa, unless he no stand de clemency of de norf, and so am obliged to go to de souf, where he experiences warmer locumitude."

A Saucy Nigger.

Master: "Sam, where's the hoe?"

Sam: "Wid de harrow, massa."

Master : " Well, where's the harrow ?"

Sam : " Wid de hoe !"

Master : " Well, then, where's the hoe and harrow both ?"

Sam : " Vy, both togedder, massa; what you want to bodder poor Sam dat way for ?"

Master : " Go to the — — !"

Sam : " Arter you, massa."

A Novel Depot.



" Look here, Pete," said a knowing darkey to his companion, " don't stan' on de rail-road."

" Why, Joe ?"

" Kase ef de cars see dat mouf ob yourn, dey will tink it am de depo' an' run rite in !"

A Slave's Idea of Spiritual Salvation.



slave, who was a " professor," plagued his master very much by his persistence in certain immoral practices, and he requested a clergyman to converse with him, and try to reform him. The clergyman did so, and endeavored to bring the terrors of the law to bear upon his conscience.

" Look yeah, massa," said the backslider, " dont de Scripture say, ' Dem who believe and is baptised shall be saved ?'"

" Certainly," the clergyman answered, and went on to explain and expound the passage; but directly the slave interrupted him again.

" Jus you tell me now massa, don't de good book say dese words

Dem as believes and is baptise shall be save; ' want to know dat."

"Yes, but——"

"Dat's all I wan to know, sar; now wat's de use o' 'talkin' to me? You ain't goin' to make me bleve wat de blessed Lord says ain't so, not ef you try forever."

The clergyman again attempted to explain, but the negro would not allow him, and as often as he got back to the judgment day, or was charging him with sin, and demanding reformation he would interrupt him in the same way.

"De Scripture say, if a man believe and be baptise, he shall—he shall be save. Now, massa minister, I *done* believe and I *done* baptise, an' I *shall be saved sartin*—dere's no use talkin', sir."

*Ah! this is the form of my own dear angel—once seen,
never to be forgotten!*



Two-Forty.

Charles Edmondson and Peter Freeman, two members of the colored aristocracy of the city, were brought in for fighting at the foot of Grand street. It appears that for some time there has been considerable jealousy between these two individuals, from the fact that the affections of both have unfortunately fixed upon the same sable female. The lady has been undecided which to choose, not having yet settled in her mind which is the most of a match. Freeman has a monopoly of the bill-sticking business in that vicinity, and Edmondson possesses the exclusive patronage of those in that neighborhood who have wood to saw. Each is the owner of all the tools for carrying on a heavy business in his own peculiar line—said implements consisting in the one case of a paste pail, whitewash brush and step-

ladder; and in the other of a wood-horse, buck-saw, greaser, leather knee-pad and pair of buckskin mittens. This property is all believed to be unincumbered and paid for, although there is a rumor that a certain clam-woman has a mortgage on the paste-brush, to secure a debt of one and sixpence for shell-fish devoured, but not settled for by Freeman. There was no personal beauty in the case to speak of, or if there was it was not visible to the naked eye. As the capricious belle upon whom they lavished so much affection and so many red ribbons, had shown no decided preference for either, but had treated both with more than usual friendship, there was considerable excited feeling between the two. No hostilities had been declared by either side, but it was well understood that the two were not a colored realization of Damon and Pythias. On Thursday morning they met on the dock, and after some bantering about strength, speed, and agility a dispute arose which was to be settled by a foot race.

The race is described by a policeman who was present.

The parties prepared for the contest by taking off their boots and nats, and rolling their pantaloons up above their knees; both then took a long drink of corn whiskey, through separate straws, out of a barrel which was near, and declared themselves ready to start from a certain pile of timbers and run forty rods to the whiskey barrel, take a suck, and run back. One judge was stationed on the timbers, to see that the start was all right, and one on the barrel to see that each drank his share.



First Heat: Charley ahead till Pete caught him by the slack of the breeches and pulled him back; Pete reached the barrel first, got his straw in the hole and took his drink before Charley could pick him up; on the return track he stubbed his toe on a spike, but got in time to win.

Second Heat: Started fair; race pretty even to the barrel; straw taken together; both took long drinks; on the home stretch Charley's straight pins proved too much for Pete's bandy legs, and he won easily.

Third Heat: Foul start; Pete falls down, Charley tumbles over his head, and both rolled into a little puddle of molasses; extricated by anxious friends; both tired; both keep anxious eye on the whiskey barrel; both hurry up; most there; Charley trips Pete, who pitches

forward and butts his head into the judge; recovers himself; both put their straws in the hole; Pete's is broke and won't suck; grabs Charley's; Charley punches Pete's head; Pete grapples Charley's wool; both welt away at each other till separated by the officers and led to the Station-house; race undecided; bets drawn; whisky suffers—and the fight ain't settled.

Justice let them both go and wished them better luck next time.

Sharp Practice.

ut in the west a sable knight of the lather and brush was performing the operation of shaving a customer with a very dull razor.

"Stop," said the customer, "that won't do."

"What's de matter, boss?"

"The razor pulls."

"Well, no matter for dat, sah. If de handle ob de razor don't break, the beard's bound to come off."

A Deaf Nigger.

"Why am you like Tom Moore?" said Congo, shouting into Quaco's ear.

"Who am Tom Moore? Me nebber heard ob him."

"You rigromamus, him mighty big Irish

poedry man."

"Me don't know, Congo, give it up."

"Why, because you are debarred of hearin' (de bard of Erin.)"

An Unaccountable Pig.

"Socrates, you nigger, have you fed the pigs?"

"Yes, massa, me feed um."

"Did you count them?"

"Yes, massa, me count um a'll but one."

"All but one?"

"Yes, massa, all but one; dere be one little speckle pig, he frisk bout so much me couldn't count him!"

A Black Lad-der.

"Mass Tom! Mass Tom! Oh, Mass Tom! howse I gwine to ge down dis ladder?"

"Come down the same way you went up, you blockhead!" replied the master, running up to see what was the matter.

"De same way as I come up, Mass Tom?"

"Yes, confound you! and don't bother me any more."

"Well, if I must, I must!" and down came the little darkey head foremost.

Getting up a Shine.*Converting a tough Nigger*

A colored preacher at the South was having a revival— a “powerful time”—and got all the negroes in the vicinity into a serious mood. Only one held out. Coon Squash, a notoriously hard case in both head and heart—for he had been known to butt a hole in a lime-kiln and had the heart to eat rattlesnakes. He attended service, however, with great regularity, but could not be brought to his knees. One night the preacher determined to “fotch him down,” and went at it in a powerful prayer. He first told how sinful Coon was in shutting up the bars of his heart to keep the Spirit out, and holding up his head as stiff as a sugar-house stack. Old Coon began to think he was a hard case, and so resolved to unbend a little, and lean his head forward on his hand. Then the preacher took hope and waxed warmer, telling Coon that one bar being down, to let down another, and see how he would feel. To this Coon assented, and placed his face in his hands and shut himself up like a jack-knife. Then the preacher came down in his grandest swoop, and cried:

“Now, Coon, de bottom bar! git down on your knees and open it!”

Down went Coon upon his knees, and up went such a shout from

the preacher and his people as convinced outsiders that the bars were all down, and that Coon was vanquished.

"High Sudron Ground."

In California, the negro servant of an army officer punished another wooly. Being asked why he did so, he said:

"De fact is, massa, dat are nigga was one ob dem New York free niggers. He 'sulted me, and I had to take high Sudron ground wid him."

A Large "Bill" for a small Darkey to meet.



A Rise in Niggers.

The Nashville (Tennessee) Gazette says: "A few weeks ago during the existence of the patrol regulations, and talk about nigger risings, an old negro man was found secreted in a piece of woods a few miles from town, evidently laboring under great fear and trepidation. On being asked why he was there, he said he was afraid to stay at the house where he belonged, and which was close by.

"What are you afraid of?" was asked.

"Why," he said, "Old Missus has gone to bed with a pistol on one side, and a great big knife on the other, and I'm afraid she'll rise!"

A Nigger on a Stump.



Tim Wilson was one of the best pilots on the Mississippi, but proud of his place and cranky. He had the misfortune to run his boat smack up against the bank one morning, in a dense fog, and could see only a little nigger sitting on a stump, munching a bit of corn bread.

"Whose place is this?" cried the pilot.

"Massa's," said the nigger.

"Well, who's your master?"

"Why, de gemman what owns de place," answered the little fellow.

"You rascal!" roared the pilot, "I'd crop your ears off if I had you here!"

"Yes, but you ain't got me dar," shouted little nig, as the pilot backed out and escaped from the shore and the wit of the boy.

Exhibiting a Monkey.

"Sambo, why is your legs like an organ-grinder?"

"Dunno; gib it up."

"Case dey exhibit a monkey 'bout de streets."

Black Toast.

A negro once gave following toast:

"De late Gubernor ob de State—him come in wid berry little of osition, him go out wid none at all."

An Opening for "a nice young man" (colored.)*Taking Notes.*

A great many years ago," when there were slaves in Massachusetts, and some of the best men in the community owned them, there was a clergyman in a town in Essex County, whom we will call Mr. Cogswell, who had an old and favorite servant by the name of Cuffee. As was often the case, Cuffee had as much liberty to do as he pleased as anybody else in the house, and he probably entertained a high respect for himself. Cuffee on the Sabbath might have been seen in the minister's pew, looking round with a grand air, and so far as appearance indicated, profiting quite as much by his master's preaching as many others about him. Cuffee noticed one Sunday morning that several gentlemen were taking notes of the sermon, and he determined to do the same thing. So in the afternoon he brought a sheet of paper and pen and ink. The minister, happening to look down into his pew, could hardly maintain his gravity as he saw his negro "spread out" to his task, with one side of his face nearly touching the paper, and his tongue thrust out of his mouth. Cuffee kept at his notes

However, until the sermon was concluded, knowing nothing, and caring as little about the wonderment of his master. When the minister reached home he sent for Cuffee to come into his study.

"Well, Cuffee," said he "what were you doing in meeting this afternoon?"

"Doing, Massa? Taking notes," was his reply.

"You taking notes!" exclaimed the master.

"Sartin, massa; all the gentleman take notes."

"Well, let me see them," said Mr. Cogswell.

Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper, and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a dozen spiders dipped in ink had marched over it.

"Why, this is all nonsense," said the minister, as he looked at the notes.

"Well, massa, replied Cuffee, "I thought so all the time you was preaching."

Sally Rice.

"Oh, Sally Rice,

I've called you twice,

And you lie and snore!

I pray you wake,

And see your Jake,

And ope to him the door or window

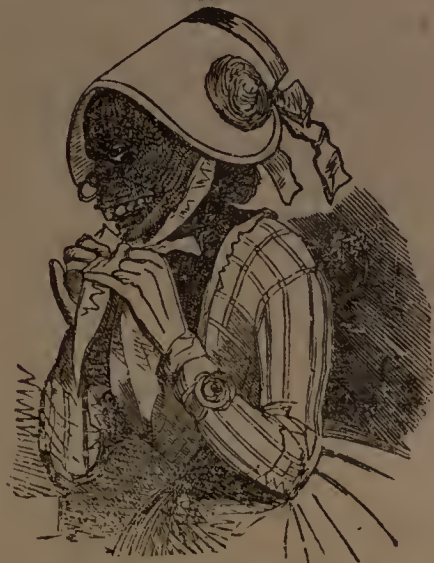
I don't care much which, for

It makes but little difference

To either you or I—

Big pig, little pig,

Root, hog, or die!"



Sally Rice in Full Dress..

A "Sparalized" Colored Pusson.

A fine, robust, and well-dressed slave was arraigned for being out on the street after nine o'clock in the evening without a pass, and being found drunk on the sidewalk. The policeman stated the case, when Tom's master interposed, and stated that it was the first time Tom had ever been drunk, and that he was a faithful and trustworthy servant. The Mayor said it was too grave an offence to pass by, and that he should be obliged to impose the heavy fine of twenty-five dollars upon Tom. Before passing sentence Tom was called upon for his excuse, which he gave as follows:

"Well, Massa Mayor, dis nigger was just gwine home from the meetin' of de Lord, strate and honest, and dat debble, Old Smit, said to dis nigger dat he had a leetle ob de best o-be-joyful in his shop, and dat it would do dis nigger good, and make him jist the most happy nigger in the whole South. So dis nigger took a suck, and dis nigger arter dat was 'mazing useless, and was tuke—tuke—de word can't gib 'em; massa knows him—but it don't come quite—sparalized—dat's it—and he knowed nothing at all dis morning—dis old nigger was laid out in de watchhouse, with his hat, dat massa gib him, most offoolry discom-fuzzled—and dis nigger don't know nothing about it—dat's de trute, massa, as dis nigger hopes to die."

This eloquent pleading had due effect upon the Mayor, who said:

"Well, Tom, I will only fine you five dollars this time, which you must pay or be flogged. Tom looked the very picture of despair, but his master said he did not want Tom flogged, and would pay the fine himself and did so—and old Tom was let off happy, joyous, and no doubt an improved nigger.

Colored Dust.



A little boy who had an "inquiring mind" came home from the Sabbath-school one day, and meeting his mother, the following dialogue took place:

"Mamma!"

"Well, my dear."

"Mamma, the teacher says people are all made of dust."

"Yes, my dear, so the Bible says."

"Well, mamma, are white people made of dust?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I s'pose colored people are made of coal-dust, ain't they?"

A Darkey's Security

Some few weeks ago I strolled into the counting-room of a friend. He being absent I commenced a chat with his clerk, when a good-looking "cullud pusson" entered, doffed his castor, and said:

"Mas' Bob, can you len' me a quarter till dis afternoon, and I will pay you sartin'?"

Mas' Bob applied his dexter to his vest pocket, but it made "no sign." I turned.

"Well, Buck, you look tolerably honest; but, as I don't know you, if you will give me security, I'll lend you the quarter."

His eye brightened as he asked:

"Mas' Bob, will you go my s'curity?"

"Yes," replied F...

I forked over. Some time afterward, wending the same way, as I was about to enter the office, the identical Buck stood before me.

"Buck, where's my quarter? You didn't pay as you promised."

"No, sah, but I give you s'curity."

"Well, I want you to pay me—I lent you the quarter."

"Dat's true, sah; but it am de custom down here to 'zaust the s'curity fust."

I left.

A Nigger's Idea of the Telegraph.



At the railway depot in Lowell not long since, "Look a hea, Jake," said Sambo, his eyes dilating and his rows of shining teeth protruding like a regiment of pearls, "Look a hea, Jake what you call dem ar?"

"What ar?" rejoined Jake.

"Dem ar I is pintin to."

"Dem ar is posts," said Jake.

"What!" said Sambo, scratching his head; "dem ar posts wid de glass?"

"Yes, de same idenacal," returned Jake.

"Ah, but you sees dem ar horizontal wires."

"Well," answered Jake, "de posts support de wires."

"Gosh! I takes you nigger," ejaculated Sambo, clapping his sides and both setting up a loud yah yah.

"But what's de wires for?" said Sambo, after a pause.

"De wires," replied Jake, completely staggered for a moment, and at a nonplus for a reply to the philosophic curiosity of brother Sambo; but suddenly lighting up with more than nigger fire, he said:

"De wires is for to keep the posts up'l"

Circular Work.

"Sambo," what's yer up to now a days?"

"O, I'se a carpenter and jiner."

"Ho! I guess yer is. What department does yer perform, Sambo?"

"What department? I does de circular work."

"What's dat?"

"Why, I turns de grinstone."

Genuine Ethiopian Serenaders.



Keep off dem Bricks.

A negro passing under a scaffolding where some repairs were going on, a brick fell from above on his head, and was broken by the fall.—Sambo very coolly raised his head and exclaimed:

"Hallo, you white man up dar, if you don't want your bricks broke, just keep 'em off my head!"

"'Scuse de Writin'."

"Massa," said the black steward to his Captain, as they fell in with a homeward bound vessel, "I wish you'd write a few lines for me to send to the old woman, because I can't write."

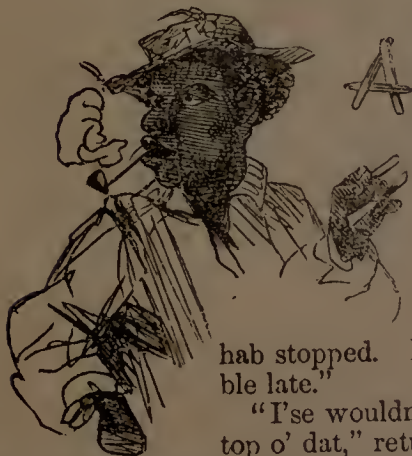
"Certainly," said the good-natured skipper, taking his writing materials; "now what shall I say?"

Pompey told the story which he wished his wife to know, which is amanuensis faithfully recorded.

"Is that all, Pomp?" asked the Captain, preparing to seal the letter.

"Yes, massa, replied he, showing his ivory, "tank you, but 'fore you close him, jist say, please 'scuse bad spelling and writing, will ye"

The Captain appended the postscript as desired."

"De fuss shall be lass—and de lass shall be fuss."

An old negro in Connecticut, who had always been very constant in attending church, and prided himself furthermore in being the first there, happened to be detained far beyond the usual hour one morning.

"John," said Cuffe, as he stood carding his wool for the occasion, "hab the kindness to tell me what o'clock him be."

"Can't tell you, Cuffe, de clock

hab stopped. I should tink it am pretty considerable late."

"I'se wouldn't be exprised if 'twar half an hour top o' dat," returned Cuffe, and hurried to church as fast as his bandy legs would carry him. He entered toward the end of the sermon, just as the parson was reiterating the text for the last time:

"The last shall be first, and the first shall be last."

Cuffe turned upon his heel, and went out, exclaiming:

"Dat means me; I come last but Ise out fusser, anyhow; de next time dis nigger goes late to meeting, he no go at all."

Bread and Butter.

"William Henry, I hab made up my mind to get married soon."

"Why, who to, Gabe?"

"Well, de same old gal dat I've been going to see for dis last fre years."

"What—Annie?"

"Yes, my dear Annie.

While belles dar lubly graces speak
And fops around dem flutter,
I'll be content wid Anna Bread
And won't hab any but her."

Experimenting for Safety.

A man travelling, entered a tavern, and seeing no one present but the landlord and a negro, seated himself and entered into conversation with the negro. Shortly he asked Sambo if he was dry. Sambo said he was. Stranger told him to go to the bar and take something at his expense. Negro did go, and shortly left. Landlord says to the stranger.

"Are you acquainted with that nigger?"

"No, never saw him before; but why do you ask?"

"I supposed so from your conversing with him and asking him to drink."

"Oh," said the stranger, "I was only experimenting. The fact is I was dry myself, and I thought if your liquor did not kill the negro, I would venture to take a drink myself."

Landlord's curiosity was fully satisfied.

Making Game of a Lady.

Mr. Peabody was in company with his lady-lub last night, and he complimented her improved appearance.

"You are guilty of flattery," said de gal.

"No, no," replied Peabody, "for I vow you are as plump as a partridge."

"At first," said de gal, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but you are now actually making game of me."

A Colored Gentleman.

IRGIL Vulcan Vane, whose color is much too dark to be politically orthodox, whose mouth might be converted into a mammoth cave by the mere removal of his teeth, whose eyes were of the color of an East River log, whose lips were got up without any regard to economy in meat, whose feet were so diminutive that he could easily turn round in Union Park if the trees were cut down and the fences taken away, who was in fact a huge darkey manufactured on a liberal scale, at a time when raw material was cheap, was brought up for being drunk and going to sleep across Ludlow street, thus stopping the tide of navigation through that odorous thoroughfare.

His dress was in the extreme of fashion, as set by the aristocratic leaders of the ton—his pants of the brightest green, his coat of the most conspicuous blue, the vest of the flashiest crimson, the neckerchief of the most unmistakable yellow, and a check shirt adorned with studs, which might have passed for gold if the gilding hadn't been rubbed down to the brass.

The uncleanly nature of the bed on which he had seen fit to stretch his wearied limbs had, however, done something to mar the brilliant effect of this gorgeous costume. The cerulean coat was not improved by the gutter mud; the pantaloons had not preserved unsullied their pristine brightness amid the refuse of the market upon which they had reposed; the remains of a too ripe peach was on his shirt-collar; a decayed cabbage had left its imprint upon the resplendant vest, and from his curly hair, peppered with the broken shells, emanated the penetrating fragrance of eggs—eggs, too, whose departed youth and freshness had rendered them unfit for culinary purposes.

But amid his troubles, Mr. Vane preserved the dignified bearing and flowery language of a person of some educational pretensions; indeed he stated that he was "Perpetual President of the Colored Sons of Genius," an association of kindred congenial literary men. His answers to the questions of the judge proved that he had caught an approximate sound if not the exact sense of many words of larger dimensions than are generally in vogue among men of his condition and complexion.

When brought to the stand he threw himself upon his scholarly dignity and launched at the astonished judge words of portentous length and sound, as if he intended to annihilate that estimable personage by the sheer destructive power of the English language.



Judge. What is your name?

Prisoner (with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest) My cognomen, sir, is Virgil Vulcan Vane, Esq.

Judge. The officer says you were drunk yesterday.

Prisoner. I emphatically denies that; it was a misperception on the part of that bobnoxious person. I know that scalawagious M. P. to

be an obitual drinhard his own self. *My* conduct, sir, is open as an oyster, and I demands an expartial inscrutigation.

Officer. I found him drunk, lying down in Ludlow street.

Prisoner. I indigpantly expuderate the allogeration.

Judge. His allegation is probably correct; did you drink any kind of liquor yesterday, Mr. Vane?

Prisoner. I imbibed one modest squencher behind the door, sub oser, on the sly, in the corner, without anybody seeing; but it wasn't nough to illtosicate a babee, it wasn't, on my sacrib honest.

Judge. Where did you get it?

Prisoner. Discuse me, sir, if I incline to answer that last inquisition you expounded; I don't wish to discriminate myself, nor infureate the bar-tender as occedary before it happened.

Judge. You must tell, sir.

Prisoner. I can't; it's exscrutinizing to my feelings.

Judge. If you don't answer I shall send you to the cells.

Prisoner. Well, if I must exscarificate my bowels of confession, and let the pussy out of the pillow case, I'll do it; but don't think I'll bear it consignedly; I'll complain of the malcodministration of justice in this law shop; I got my whiskey, sir, at Hannibal Jenk's in Water street.

Judge. I shall fine you \$10.

Prisoner. The cash can't be had, but you're all a set of the most contemptuous vagaboduses that I ever went anywhere; I'll tell the Mayor—

Judge. Never mind now.

Mr. V. was led away in a stupendous rage.

"A Favor ill Placed is Great Waste."

—Old Proverb.



The Dark Side of Matrimony

Lately, a slave in the United States who had been married to another slave by one of the missionaries, at the end of three weeks

brought his wife back to the clergyman, and desired him to take her again. The clergyman asked what was the matter with her.

"Why, massa, she no good. The book says she obey me. She no do what I want her to do."

The minister said:

"But the book says you were to take her for better or for worse."

"Yes, massa, but she all worse, and no better. She hab too much worse, and no good 'at all."

Wenus in Contract with Wirgo.



A Darkey Theologian.

An old negro near Victoria, Texas, who was the only Baptist in the neighborhood, always "stuck up for his own faith," and was ready with a reason for it, although he was unable to read a word. This was the way he "put em down."

"You kin read, now, keant you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I s'pose you've read the Bible, hain't you?"

"Yes."

"You've read about John de Baptist, haint you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you never read about *John de Methodis*, did you? You ee I has de Bible on my side, den. Yah, ya-a-h!"

Monkeyism.

"Ah, Henry, you ought to been up to de training."

"Why, Reuben?"

"Case dar was a berry witty auctioneer there, trying to sell an old hand-organ. He was grinding out de music, and de crowd, in sport, begin to fro out pennies, when a countryman standing by, said:

"Sir, you ought to hab a monkey."

"My good feller," said de auctioneer, 'so I had; step right up here.'"

BLACK JOKES FOR BLUE DEVILS.

A Tale of a Bear's Tail.

Sam and Sambo, two hands on a farm, had a holiday, and started for some fun in the woods. They soon came to a bear's cave deep among the rocks, and lighted only by one hole above. They looked in, and saw the young cubs at the bottom of the cave, and the mother gone. It was decided that Sambo should go in and seize the cubs while Sam kept guard without. Sam was a little negligent and the bear had time to squeeze into the hole. Sam seized her by the tail and held on like grim death.

"What for you make it so dark up dar, Sam?" cried out Sambo.

"Golly! if the tail come loose. I guess you'll know putty well!"

A New Cure.



A negro had a severe attack of rheumatism, which finally settled in his foot. He bathed it, and rubbed it, and swathed it, but all to no purpose. Finally tearing away the bandages, he stuck it out, and with a shake of his fist over it, exclaimed:

"Ache away, den, ole feller; ache away. I shan't do nuffin more fer yer dis chile ken stan' it as long as you ken; so, ache away!"

A Hen "Willa."

A negro, who was set to build a small hen-house, prefaced the job by drawing after his rude manner, a picture of the proposed "hennery" with a piece of chalk on a board. On being laughed at for making so much fuss over so simple a matter, he replied:

"Massa Wyman, when you had your Willa built, didn't you pay de ork'tect for a plan. 'Pend upon it, Massa Wyman, the Willa for the hens won't be none the wuss for being *skitched fust*."

How Sambo's Beauty was Ruined.

correspondent mentions that not long ago, while sitting at an inn in Baltimore one day, when he was on his way to Washington, he was much struck with the singular appearance of an old Guinea negro, "black as the ace of spades," who was attending to some menial duty in the traveller's room. His face was scarred and seamed, his legs were dreadfully awry, and his hands seemed almost turned wrong side outward, and in form and color resembled, more than any one thing else, the paws of a wild animal, or the hands of an orang-outang. Our informant inquired of

Pompey what had occasioned these deformities.

"Wal, dey is beformities, massa, dat's fac'. Wal, den, I'll tell you how dey come, mass. Good many years ago, I was in lub wid a handsom black gal, and we was *same* as married; and one day I see a nigger comin' out o' de house. I knew dat man, and ef I am a nigger I had my feelin's. I was full ob de debbil in my heart ag'in him, 'cos I know'd him, and I know'd where he worked—e'yah! e'yah! He worked in a powder mill; and next day I went up dar. I went to de door and looked in, and dar I see him; an' I took a coal o' fire dat I had brought along and frowed it onto de floor. Good Gwacious, massa, 'fore I could get away *myself*, dere was de biggest flash o' lightnin' I ebber see, and dat was de last I know'd anyting 'bout dat business for two months. 'Twould a-been all right, dough, but de man dat was dar was not de nigger I t'ought! He's a dead nigger, hisse'f dough, long ago; and I was glad ob it when he went, 'cos he always looked at me as if he'd got de best ob it; and he *did* got de best ob it, massa, dat's fac'; for before dat crastofree I was de hansumest nigger dat dar was in Maryland—dat's sartin sure. E'yah! e'yah!"

Black Diamonds.

"Yah! yah! yah! nigger, you talk so much 'bout your countifit dollars, jes succeed to deform me why a counterfeit dollar is like an apple pie?"

"O, I drops de subject, and doesn't know nothing 'bout it."

"Kase it isn't current."

"O, what a nigger! Why am your head like a bag of dollars?"

"Go away from me—why am it?"

"Kase dere's no sense (cents) in it."

"Well, you always was de brackest nigger I neber seed--you always will have the last word."

Loud Talking

"Reuben, I was up to camp meeting last month, and de minister said:—"if de lady wid de blue hat, red hair, and cross-eyes, don't stop talking so loud, she will be pintoed out to de whole congregashun."

High Salary.

Pompey said he once worked for a man who raised his wages so high that he could only reach them once in two years.

A Black Philosopher,

who is known to the residents of Williamsburgh as "old Cooley."—Cooley is an *artist* by profession, and has gained unqualified praise from "mouths of wisest censure" for the unrivalled manner in which he handles the (whitewash) brush. But his praises are not to end here, for he is a universal genius, and his fame as a knight of the brush and bucket is eclipsed by his reputation as a lecturer. He lectures nightly on the boat while crossing the river, and we suppose there is not a male resident of Williamsburgh who has not listened to a discourse from his lips. He does not confine himself to any one subject. His genius takes a wide range—politics, religion, etiquette, gastronomy, physiology, psychology, spiritualism, free-love, in fact all the exciting topics of the day, as well as every science that ever was heard of, are discussed by him to his own perfect satisfaction, and to the huge enjoyment of his listeners, who look upon him as a very benefactor during an ice blockade. The other day, while standing outside on deck, our attention was attracted by outbursts of merriment and shouts of applause in the cabin, and entering one we found the subject of our sketch debating the subject of slavery with a severe looking old gentleman, to whom Cooley was evidently a stranger, and who seemed to regard the subject in a very serious light.

"I'm astonished," he exclaimed indignantly, as we entered, "to hear a man of color speak in favor of that bloody, cursed institution!" and then he added, after a short pause, "But I suppose you have been a negro-driver at the South yourself, haven't you?"

"My dear, blessed, good friend," replied Cooley, patronizingly, "dat's a fantasmagorical idea dat you'b got into your head, an' you

better get rid ob it fas' as posserble. Dar's no use you talkin' 'bout slabery at de Souf—don't you trouble de Souf—let de Souf take care ob herse'f, and you take care ob yoursef. Dar no use talkin' bout slabery at de Souf when dar's nuffin else but slabery all ober. De hull United States aint nuffin else but a big sugar plantashin, worked by slabes, an' de Preserdent am de oberseer. If we get a good oberseer, dat's all right—but if we don't dar's no use crying about it, an' you might's we'll lef de subjee alone, for dar's no use talkin' 'bout it. You jes let dese politishin fellers fite, and you keep yousef quiet. Be like de still hog dat gits all de swill—don't say nuffin as much as possible, but go on eatin' all de time, an' den you'll hab a chance ob gittin some fat on yo'r ribs. Let 'em fite, an' quarl, an' tear tings to pieces—what you spose I care for dat? I jist stands still and looks on, and after dey've fit, and fit, and fit, and kivered de walls all ober wid blood an' dirt, I goes in and does de whitewashin' for bofe parties."

Here the old gentleman attempted to get in a word, but it was no use, for Cooley continued;

"You jes mind you own bissiness—take my advice—don't you trouble wid oder people's affairs. I 'member a berry int'mate friend ob mine—a member of Congress in Norf Carlina—dat made a forchin by minding his own bissiness, an' eberybody kin do de same ting if dar amind to."

"Then why don't you mind your own business, instead of talking here in a bad cause?" edged in the old gentleman, with severity.

"Ah, dat's a diff'rent matter," said Cooley, "we ain't all made alike—we musn't hide our own light under a bushel-basket—we must all do our duty in dis world. Ebery man's 'pinted for sumfin'—I'm pinted to lighten dese ignorant citerzens ob Williamsburgh, an' I don't know what dey'd do widout me, an' dat puts me in mind dat I'd better pass round de hat."

But just at this moment the boat entered the slip, and Cooley's audience speedily dispersed. Cooley missed his vocation. He should have been a lawyer.

A Conunderfrum

"I say, Sambo, can you answer this conunderfrum? Supposin' I gib you a bottle ob whiskey, corked, shut with a cork; how would you get the whiskey out widout pullin' de cork, or breakin' de bottle?"

"I gibs dat up."

"Why, push de cork in. Yah, yah!"

Noseology.

 A gentleman asked a negro boy if he would take a pinch of snuff.

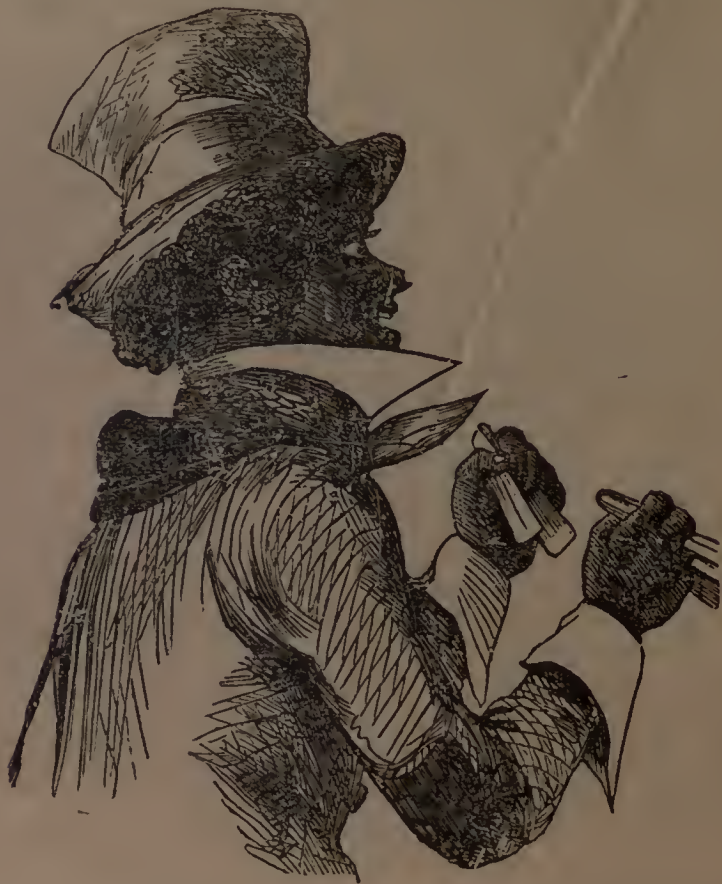
"No," replied darkey, very respectfully, "me thank you Pompe nose not hungry!"

Lawyers and Fishes.

"Sam, why am lawyers like de fishes?"

"I don't meddle wid dat subject, Pomp."

'Why, don't you see, nigger, kase dey am so fond ob de bait.'



Bones. "I say, Clem, what am dat what goes when de wagon goes, stops when de wagon stops—It am no use to de wagon, yet de wagon can't go widout it?"

Clem. "I gubs dat up, Bones; can't begin to guess such er skyentiferic illooseerdation. I gubs em up."

Bones. "Why, you yaller complexioned fool, *de noise*, ot course.'

Unblushing.

 An insult to a negro—to tell him he hasn't as much color as usual.

▲ Dakey's Opinion of Monkeys.



LD Sandy turned to go forward, and I noticed the tears coursing one after the other down his wrinkled cheeks; and I heard him say, in reply to some consolatory words which Peterson was pouring into his ear:

"I knows berry well, George, dat you knowledges more 'bout most tings dan wot I does, but as to dat monkey's not habing no soul, 'taint no kind o' use for you to tell dis nigger noting 't all about it, kase in regard ob dat 'ticklar pint, dere am only ONE what knows—and dat's de Lor' A'MIGHTY. I knows dare's dose as says de monkeys ain't

got no reason nudder. Go way, child! dey's got a heap more'n de *Common nig* any day ob de seben. Why, it am more'n eight year, George, sense I fust made de 'quaintance ob Jocko, kase you see we was shipmates two cruises afore dis, and I nebber knowed him to do nuthin dat a 'spectable monkey need be 'shamed ob doing, no how. He war a little mischievyous, I allows, but den he nebber did a right down mean onchristian act, no, nebber! And so you see, George, I b'liebes—do I don't purten for to say sartin—dat Jocko hab a soul jes de same as you and I habs, and dat one ob dese days we be a-gwine to meet agin in Daby Jones' locker, kase people may call 'em monkeys and brutes and dat, but I tinks dey's old-time people, I does—dat's wot I tinks!"

A Legal Point.

Jesse is of opinion that the following legal point is about as important as many others, published on knotty questions of the law.

A few mornings since, one of our lawyers was startled from his dreams of rich clients and fat fees by a loud knocking at his office door. He opened the door, when a "gentleman of Africa," known as Mariposa Jack, stood before him.

"Look heah, Judge," said he, "I wants your 'pinion on a law pint."

"Well, go on."

"S'pose a man brings some eggs to town, an' hires anudder nigger to sell 'em, an' dat nigger can't do it, an' he gibs 'em to me, an' I loses de money, kin he do anyting wid me?"

The learned counsel putting on his wisest look, informed him that he knew of no law to punish him.

"Yah! yah!" chuckled Jack, "I know'd he couldn't in de fust place—kase de—kase de eggs was rotten, anyhow Judge, when dus you want your boots blacked?"

Sable Wit.

SAMBO. What's dat mighty ting dar?

CÆSAR. Why, you black n ggeramus! dat ar' big ting am de float-in' derrick.

SAM. What dat fur, nigger?

CÆSAR. Dat tremenjus masheen am fur raising a berry light article, indeed.

SAM. A berry *light* article? Go way, nigger—how you make dat out?

CÆSAR. Why, Sam, dat ar masheen was made 'spressly for de purpose ob *raisin' de wind!*"

Immense Sensation.

"I's gwine to Prepare to Shout!"



An Alabama paper relates the following story:

For some time past the negroes of Marion have had a religious revival going on in the Methodist Church, and which we learn has resulted in some good. The other night a ludicrous incident took place which for a time threatened to mar the enjoyment of the darkies.—While everything appeared to be going to the entire satisfaction of the leaders of the meeting, a tall, black-looking son of Africa deliberately rose in the congregation, and commenced pulling his coat off, as if preparing either to thrash some darkey, or give the devil, if he were present, the best fight he could, preparatory to closing the meeting. All eyes were turned upon the comical attitude of the darkey and some of the more timid began to fear that a melee was about to take place in the church. This, however, was not the case, for our convert, perceiving the stir that was being made, and the apparent agitation of the assembly, hallooed out at the top of his voice:

"Bredering and sisters, don't be frightened; I's only gwine to prepare to shout!"

And he gave one of those unearthly yells, which vibrated through the church and shook the windows as though the house were falling. The darkey had to make tracks, or to use the language of another darkey, was tumbled head foremost right out of the doors by some of the brethren.

A Colored Scrimmage.



WHAR you get that chicken? asked a colored woman yesterday afternoon of another colored lady, who was standing in the door of her house examining a nice plump looking chicken.

"Whar did I get it? Why, I hatched it from a egg, that's whar I got it."

"What! that ar chicken? 'Deed you didn't.—That's my chicken. I's been huntin' for it. That ar gal of your cum to my house, and cause I wouldn't let her have it, she stoned my house, she did."

"Well, I sent her to look for de chicken, and you gave her sass, you did."

"She guv me sasa, you means—she said I stole the chicken."

"Maybe you did stole de chicken. Don't know as you's any too good."

"Look heah, nigga, does you sinivate I stole dat fowl?"

"No, I does not sinivate any such thing. Who does you call nigga?"

"I calls you nigga—you is black 'nough, any how, to be raal Guinea nigga Whar d'ye come

from?"

"Whar did I come from? Old Virginy! Whar's you from? nigga?"

"I is from nowhar, an' I wan'ts dat chicken."

"You tells de truff, now, anyhow; for you is neither white nor black, and it's hard to say whar sich folks come from, sure nuff. You can't have dis chicken, no how; so go 'bout your business."

"I wash for dat chicken, I did."

"Wash for dat chicken! O! crickey! What you wash for um, h?"

"I wash shirts for 'um, and iron 'em, too."

"Look here, you white, black, no color nigga from nowhar, whar chickens wear shirts and have ironing done—you is smooth as a flat-iron, you is—you lies too slick, you does. Go way, now, or I'll bust your biler. I'll knock you into nowhar. I'll give you chicken. Is you fond of pot-pie? There's a doenut for you. Chicken meat, ha

I'll show you what kind of meat a Virginny nigger's fist is made of. There's a bunch of bones for you—thar's——"

"Get out de way, Guinea. I jump right down yo' throat!"

Backing off, and lowering their heads, they rushed upon each other with the speed of a locomotive. Jerusalem! what a concussion. The 'Virginny nigger's' head was driven right into the other's skull, it seemed, for there it stuck. One head only was visible. There were two heads an instant ago, and now there was but one.

There they stood, backing and filling, trying to disentangle themselves. By this time the affair began to attract the neighborhood to the spot. The heads of both belligerents had become so enveloped in shawls that neither of them could see. They held on to each other, and clawed each other's clothes unmercifully, till finally the "nigga from nowhar," reaching along the back of the other, seized that portion of the dress which covers the bustle, and cried out, holding her fast by the wool with the other:

"Now, nigga, I's gwine to hav dat chicken, I is, or I'll 'spose you, I will."

This was too much. She caved in, and a compromise was effected—chicken pot-pie for two.

Monstrous 'Spute.



LET me tell you, Julius, I had a monstrous 'spute wid massa dis mornin', down in de cotton patch."

"Wa, wa, wat you 'spute about?"

"Why, you see, Julius, massa came down da whar I was hoein', an' massa he say squash grow best on sandy ground, an' I say so, too; an' dar we spute about it for more'n one hour!"

Berry Much Alike.

A confusion of the degree of comparison is told of a Jamaica negro who went to announce to his master that he had been made the happy parent of twins.

"One am called Sambo and t'other Cæsar," he enthusiastically exclaimed; and both so very much alike—'*specially Sambo.*'"

Political

Two negroes in Mobile met on the street the other day, and commenced discussion on the political topics of the day. One assumed the ground of a Secessionist, and the other that of a Unionist. They argued for some time without shedding much light on the subject.—At last Bob, the Unionist, asked Jake the Secessionist, if he could tel him why dey was bofe alike?

"No, nigger, I don't tink dar is any answer to dat question."

"Well, I told you; we bofe go in for dis'mion," (this Union.)

'Whew! nigger, lef me quick!"

BLACK JOKES FOR BLUE DEVILS

The Three Wishes.

"You've saved my life," the master said,
"At risk of yours, my faithful Ned;
And that a service so immense
May not fail of such recompense
As lies in human means to make,
(Would mine were god-like for your sake!)
Three dearest wishes straight unfold,
Each shall be granted soon as told."

"Well, den," grinned Ned, with ivory show
"Since massa please to hab it so,
My firs' s'al be for—for—e'yah!
As much good old peach-brandy, sah,
As dis 'ere darkie an' his wife
Can jubilate in all dere life.
De nex'—Virginia weed enough
For me to smoke an' her to snuff,
Till life's las mile stone s'al be past."
"It shall be so, Ned—now the last!"
"De las'—hem—gorry! let nie see—
W'at s'all it in partic'lar be?
Oh! now I hab him—chee, e'yah!
A *leetle more* peach-brandy, sah!"

"Sal" Coming Down.



A traveller through Maryland relates an amusing account of a "colored chorus" witnessed by him at one of the African churches. The masculine darkies were arranged "like four-and-twenty blackbirds all in a row," on one side, and the females on the other. The latter com-

me. ced the chorus with, "Oh, for a man—oh! for a mansion in the skies;" to which the former responded, "Send down sal—send down sal—send down salvation to my soul!"

A Loud Call.

"Mr. Squash, did you eber knw dat I was one ob dem actor ellers?"

"No, Gumbo, I ueber hear you was in de freater line."

"Oh, yes, Gumbo, I played a conspicuous part t'oder ebenin'."

"Why, Gumbo, what did you play?"

"I played Hamlet, and I got called out three times—once by de anager and twice by de constable.

A Few "Taters."



pious old negro, saying grace at the table, not only used to ask a blessing upon his board, but he would also petition to have some deficient dish supplied. One day it was known that Cato was out of potatoes, and suspecting that he would pray for some at dinner, a wag provided himself with a small measure of the vegetables, and stole under the window next which stood the table of our colored Christian. Soon Cato drew up a chair, and commenced:

"Oh, Massa Lord, will dow, in dy provident kindness, condescend to bress ebery ding before us, and be pleased to bestow us a few taters—and ail de praise—"

Here the potatoes were dashed upon the table, breaking plates and upsetting the mustard pot.

"Dem s 'em," said Cato, looking with surprise, "only just luff 'em down a luetle easier next time."

Sable Conundrums.

"Well, Mr. Snow, I wants to ax ye one question

"Propel den, nigger."

"Why am a grog-shop like a counterfeit dollar?"

"Well, Ginger, I gibs dat right up."

"Kase ye can't pass it."

"Yah, yah, yah! Nigger, you can talk so much 'bout your coun-
fit dollars, just succeed to deform me why a countifit dollar is like
an apple pie?"

"O, I drops de subject, and doesn't know nuffin 'bout it."

"Kase it isn't currant."

"Oh, what a nigger! Why am you d like a bag of dollars?"

"G'way from me—why am it?"

"Kase dere is no sense (cents) in it."

First and Second Bell

"Cuffee is that the second bell?"

"No, massa, dat's de second ringing ob de fuss bell. We habn't no second bell in dis hotel."

"Oh! Ah, Miss Lucy Kneel."

*See Saw.*

I say, Tom, Jim's death on wood. Did you ever see him saw?"

"No, but I saw him see. Ha! ha!"

"Dat's nothing. I saw him see saw. What you go to say now?"

"Why, dis—dat if you saw him see-saw and I saw him see, he must be a *sau-cy* nigger."

"G'long, I see you want to run a saw on me."

A SOUTHERN Adonis, not particularly celebrated for his personal attractions, on completing a somewhat protracted toilet one morning, turned to his servant, and inquired:

"How do I look, Cæsar?"

"'Plendid, massa—'plendid!" was Ebony's delightful answer.

"Do you think I'll do, Cæsar?" he asked surveying himself in a glass, and giving Cæsar a piece of silver.

"Guy! massa, neber see you look so fierce in all my life. You ook jist as bold as a lion!"

"A hon? Why, what do you know about a lion? You never saw me, Cæsar."

"Neber see a lion, massa! Guy! I see Massa Peyton's Jim ride ober to de mill ebery day!"

"Why, you fool, that's a donkey!"

"Can't help dat, massa," said Cæsar, "*you look jis like him!*"

The "colored" compliment was not improved by the amendment.

Droll Scene in a Negro Church.

The New Orleans correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer relates the following as an actual incident during his visit to a colored church:

Old Isaac's sermon was decidedly successful. His hearers paid fixed and breathless attention throughout, breaking forth occasionally into expressions of assent, or giving vent to their feelings in a well remembered line of some cherished hymn, as he dwelt with rapture and with streaming eyes on the unutterable glories of Heaven. It was the first of a series of sermons that Isaac proposed to preach to them in accordance with their invitation. In announcing his acceptance of the invitation, he remarked:

"After der most serious debilitation, I have finally 'cluded 'to preach der word unto yer. I don't ax you nary thing for my preaching, but as it cost me something to come so far, and as I had no horse or mule to fetch me, and as I am consequently obligated to hire one of a white individual what lives in dat neat white-washed house just der oder side of my mill, down by der hill der, which cost me one dollar, I have thought it best to ax you, my beloved congregation, to detribute one picayune apiece, and pay for my mule. I don't ask nary thing for my preaching, only for my mule. Mr. Steward, you may pass your hat or that of any other brother."



Josh, the steward, prepared to pass the hat, and the colored "gemmen" made several desperate attempts to pull out their wallets, some looking excessively surprised at finding no picayune within. One row of negroes "detributed" each the amount requested. When Josh pushed his hat over toward our party, we thrust in more than enough to pay for the mule, wishing to remunerate Isaac somewhat for the preaching. You can judge of our surprise when the hat was passed to the next row, to see a great black fellow deliberately turn the contents of the hat into his lap, coolly count them over, and having satisfied himself that there was a sufficient amount to pay for "der mule," thrust his own bit back into his pocket, and with a foolish grin towards us, passed the hat to the next. It is needless to say that no more picayunes were "detributed" after that "back lick." The worst remains to be told. After the benediction, the luckless contributors

rushed hastily forward and withdrew their deposits, and even commanded Josh to keep in reserve all the surplus remaining after paying for "der mule."

Same Old Drunk!



A gentleman, finding his servant intoxicated,, said:

"What! drunk again, Sam? I scolded you for being drunk last night, and here you are drunk again."

"No, massa," replied Sam, "same drunk same drunk, massa "

A Musical Congregation.

At a church of color, the minister noticing a number of persons, both white and colored, standing upon the seats during service, called out in a loud voice:

"Get down off them seats, both white men and colored: I care n more for one dan de odder."

Imagine the minister's surprise on hearing the congregation sudden y commence singing, in short metre:

"Git down off dem seats,
Boff white man and color,
I care no more for one man,
Than I does for the other."

Love Knot.

liberal knot."

I! YI! I see Joe down to de ball last ebenin, and his lady-lub danced so hard dat she shook all de buttons off ob her leg ob mutton slebes; says she:

"Joe, tie dat slebe in a bow-knot."

"Den you ought to see Joe twist his mouf, and exclaim at de same time:

"Ah, my lub, I wish to de Lord it was de con

Made a Fool ob Him.

"Pete has been courtin' a gal for some time past, and she has often promised to marry him; so de oder ebenin' Pete said to her:

"Do you intend to make a fool ob me?"

"Oh, no," replied de gal, "nature has saved me de trouble."

A Nigger at a Dance

The happiest man in the world is supposed to be "a nigger at a dance." In our opinion this rule is too limited. A nigger is not only happy at a dance, but in every position. A darkey may be poor, but he is never low-spirited. Whatever he earns he invests in fun and deviltry. Give him a dollar, and in less than an hour he will lay seven shillings of it out in yellow neck-ties or a cracked violin. There is something in an African that sheds trouble as a duck will water.—Who ever knew a "culled pussun" to commit suicide? The negro is strongly given to love and jealousy; but he has no taste for arsenic. He may lose his all by betting against a roulette, but he don't find relief for his despair as white folks do, by resorting to charcoal fumes, or a new bed-cord, but by visiting "de fair sex," and participating in the mazy influence of "de occipital convolutions of der clarinett."

Jumping through a Stone Wall.

A negro preacher, holding forth to his congregation upon the subject of obeying the commands of God, said:

"Bredren, whateber God tells me to do in dis ya book, (holding up the Bible) dat I's gwine to do. If I see in it dat I must jump troo a stun wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Goin' troo 'longs to de Lord·umping at it 'longs to me."

Take lat Man in.

 A gentleman of Norfolk, Va., had a fine negro to whom he gave the privilege of hiring himself out, and keeping one-half the wages. A short time since, the negro came home to his master to tell him that the man for whom he had been working wished to buy him, and would give \$1,300 for him.

"Well," said his master, what of that? I don't wish to sell."

"But you see, massa," said Sam, "I'se had a cough some time, and 'specs I'm gwine into desumption. I don't 'spec I shall last more'n two or three years, and I'd like to take dat man in."

Axe-ing the Lord.

DARKEY set to work to cut down a very tough tree, but his axe flew back some time with but little effect. A storm occurred meantime, and a crashing shaft of lightning shattered a huge oak to splinters near him.

"Bress de Lord!" exclaimed Sambo, "dat well done. 'Pose you try dis one nex; guess you got your match, massa!"

Highly Colored Ideas of Heaven.

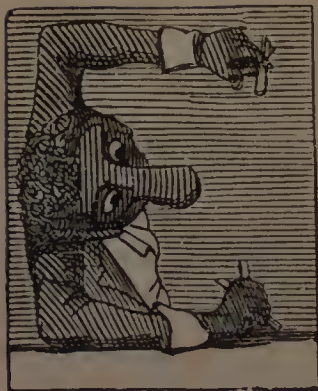
A negro woman was relating her experience to a gaping congregation of color, and among other things she said she had been in heaven. One of the ladies of color asked her:

"Sister, did you see any black folks in heaven?"

Oh, get out! you s'pose I go in de kitchen when I was dar?"

This reminds us of the anecdote of another colored man, who was so convinced of the lowliness of his position, and that labor was a natural lot, that he even was indifferent as to a future state, believing that "dey'll make nigger work, even ef he go to Hebben." A clergyman tried to argue him out of this opinion, by representing this not to be the case, inasmuch as there was absolutely no work for him to do in heaven. His answer was:

"Oh, you g'way, massa, I knows better. If dere's no work for culled fokes up dar, dey'll make 'em *shub de clouds along*. You can't fool this chile."

Geography—Colored.

PHRAIM, can you tel me how de world am bounded?"

"Oh, yes, it am bounded on de norf by de Niagara mountains, on de souf by de Penciltuck Riber, on de east by sunrise, and on de west by large quantities ob swine."

"Well, Bones, does you know anything about de seasons?"

"Oh, yes, Sam."

"Well, how many seasons am dar? and what is dey?"

"Well, dar am four seasons—vinegar, pepper, salt and mustard."

"Oh, shawl dem aint de seasons dat I mean."

"Well, dem's de only seasons my mudder eber uses!"

"White Folks Blame Fools."

A friend of ours, near Tampa Bay, in Florida, employed a number of New York mechanics to do a piece of work. It was a government contract, and required particular dispatch. The men worked as northern mechanics know how to work. Old Jupe—one of their employer's slaves—watched them, out of the corner of his eye, for several days. Something was evidently working in his mind, which puzzled him badly. At last he came up to the foreman of the gang, and said

"Massa Charles, what a debbil you all work for so, eh?"

"To earn money, Jupe."

"Mone y!" said Jupe, "money great ting. You work so Norf, Mass Charles?"

"Yes, Jupe."

"You make a great deal money?"

"Not a great deal, Jupe; spring, summer, and fall we do well, but work is slack in winter time, and if we get round again to spring and make both ends meet, and keep the wife and baby in something to eat and drink, and a house to shelter them, we generally think we have done well."

"S'pose you sick, Mass' Charles, who take care of you?"

"Then work stops, and we get very poor, and suffer great privations."

"Dat'll do, Mass' Charles," said Jupe. "I thought white folks sensible people—'taint nuffin of de sort. Work, work, nuffin but work; get sick, and nobody take care eb 'em. White folks blame fools. Jupe work, too. Nebber hurt himself workin', though. Jupe get sick.—Miss Sallie come down and nurse him. Mass' Bob send a boat sebenty miles up de riber to get white doctor for him. Norf good 'nough for white folks, but reckon old Jupe stay at home."

And old Jupe went off in a state of dignified disgust at the folly of

white folks generally at the North, and a particular determination to do as little work himself as possible—a determination which his master says, Jupe was never known to break.

A Colored Preacherman on Hard Times.



DEAR GRUMBLERS:—In 'cordance wid my promise, I will spoke to you dis ebenin' on de perwailin epidemic ob de day. You will find my tex on de tongs ob ebery body in de community from Bill Astor down to the limekil man. It am written in unmistakable characters and deep lines on the phiz's ob de poor, and in de anxious faces ob de rich. It am none as **HARD TIMES**.

"*It's hard times*," tink's the merchant's lady, as she alights from her carriage, decked in a two thousand dollar set ob diamonds, thousand dollar set ob furs, hundred dollar dress, and delicate Opera cloak. It's hard times—husband couldn't afford no greater display, times am so berry hard.

"*It's hard times*," says the buckish clerk in the Shanghie coat, as he orders oysters and champagne—"Two dozen oysters cooked in various ways, and only one half pint bottle ob Hidesick;—times is hard, and I can't afford luxuries."

"*It's hard times*," says de feller as he pours down brandy at a shillin' a glass. "De Lord only knows what we am coming to."

"*It's hard times*," says de fop to de tailor, and you must wait.—"Hadn't you better wer out your ole close?" says de tailor, "till your finances improbe a little, and de times git softer?" "Can't afford it," says de fop, "must hab de Shanghie. I can't afford to lose my position, and look as doe I worked for a libin."

"*It's hard times*," says de capitalist, as he buttons up he coat. I guess I'll lock up what gold and silver I hab in a walt, and luff no man hab it, kase all de noosepapers says it's hard times and wus a comin'. I'll lock up my money, kase dere am no noein who to trust."

"*It's hard times*," says de Bank fellers, who hab bin libin too fast "and I must eder retrench or Skiler. I can't retrench and go in good society arterwards, but I can default, and in two seasons all am for gotten. I'll Skiler kase it pays best."

"We must take advantage ob de times," says de business man, "and cut down de wages ob de workman—now is de time, when noosepapers, preachermen, lawyers, and eberybody am crying hard times."

So down goes de wages, and down comes de tears ob de workman's children for bread at de same time—so you see de poor man and his family do all de sufferin' and de rich all de jawin'. Dere am no mistake, de times am so hard you can bite it.

"The Lily of the Valley,"

& COLORED "REVIVAL.

A Brace of Perplexed Darkies.

The Savannah Republican tells the following good one:

Yesterday, as two athletic darkies were engaged in tumbling about a bale of cotton on the dock, a mysterious voice, appearing to proceed from the interior of the bale, exclaimed:

"Don't toss me about so hard!"

"Bress de Lor', who dat? War you?" exclaimed one of the darkies, as both let go their hold, and stood aghast.

"Inside the bale," responded the voice.

"Joe," rejoined one of the negroes to his companion, "de debil is about, sure;" and then collecting himself somewhat, he addressed the sewed-up man:

"How you come thar?"

"Put in dar at the plantation, make out the last bale," replied the voice inside.

"I golly, Joe, you hear dat? What'll buckra-man do next? Well, you'se got to go along wid de bale to de cotton-press, an' you will be packed den, sure," said one of the knights of the hook, and both set to work again at their job.

Just then loud cries of "Murder! Murder!" proceeded from the bale, when the darkies, convinced that "de debil" was really about, dropped everything and took to their heels.

The comedy was highly enjoyed by some friends who were standing around with Signor Blitz, who had gone down to look after a cage of canaries that came out by the Florida.

Highfalutin.

LOOK here, Ginger; I went out riding toder day, and I stop'd at one ob de principal hotels, when I seed a great many gents ob color on de stoop; so I ordered de boy, and give him some mighty high orders, case I wanted de darks on de stoop to hear my elemquence.— I told de boy to extricate the quadruped from de vehicle, donate him, give him a sufficient supply of alimentary food, and when de aurora morn breaks forth through the oriental horizon, I will reward you with a peculiar compensation, according to your very peculiar merits."

"Well, what did he say to such high language?"

"Why, he went in de house and told de landlord dat dar was a Dutchman outside, and he wanted a pint of lager-beer."

Draw it Mild.

Bill Jenkins and his wife hab been travelling lately, and while dey was hastening fro a wood, dey met wid a melancholy accident, which Jinkins' wife told to me in de following felicitous strain—

"And while retreating fro de woods,
And fro de tangled fern,
He tore his mustn't-mention-'em,
And had to put on hern!"

A Gal-lant Boy.

"Here, Bill, you young rascal, walk up and gib an account ob yourself—wear hab you been?"

"After de gals, fader."

"Did you eber know me to do so when I was a boy?"

"No, sir, but mother says she did."

A Black Naturalist.

"Johnson, we caught a nigger last right robbin' the henroost, and dis morning we took him afore de Squire, and on examinin' him, found dat he had greased his feet so dat he shouldn't make any noise when he went to steal de chickens; an' while he was on one ob de roosts, he accidentally slipped off into de custody ob de owner. De Squire axed him what was de reason for his being dar, and he said he only come dar to see if de chicken slept wid dar eyes open. Ah, it was no use, he was cooped."

Ear for Music.

"Say, Sam, hab you got an ear for music?"

"Yes, indeed I is, honey, I'se got two ob 'em."

"So has de mule, Samuel."

Life at the St. Nicholas

GINGER, you habn't been long in the city, I understand."

"No, sir, I hab just arribed from de country."

"What part, Ginger?"

"Well, I'm from Horse Heads, Mud county, near de great Breakneck Railroad; I got in day afore yesterday."

"Where do you stop, Ginger?"

"Oh, everywhar dey keep money in de winows."

"No, no, I mean whar do you put up?"

"Well, at present I hold out at de St. Michaelmas Hotel."

"Oh, no, Ginger, dey don't allow no niggers dar."

"Well, I didn't go dar as

a nigger."

"You didn't?"

"No, I went dar as a Creole; de fust day I was dar, I see a berry curious thing; one ob de waiters come out wid a big round thing, he drewed off wid a drumstick and gib it such a struck."

"Why, that was a gong."

"Yes, I was gone de minute he hit it."

"Where did you go?"

"Why, I went right in to dinner; one lady asked me to pass the butter ober to her."

"Well, did you?"

"No, de butter was so strong dat it walked right ober itself; one ob de waiters axed me if I would hab some shanghai berries and hen fruit; I didn't know what he meant, and he told me dat dey was eggs; I declined, and den dey axed me if I would try some cylinder escapement and lepine pies. I thought I would take a piece just for de novelty ob de ting, and he said: 'Well, you'll get dem to all Dutch groceries; they are very thin, and not much works in 'em.

A Burlesque Darkey Auction Sale.

OWN upon the New Orleans levee, the other day, a large number of jolly darkies having no work to do, and desiring some fun to while away the time, one of them, selected for his tonguey qualities, mounted a box, and in good set auctioneer's phrase, announced to the "cullud pussons" that he was now about to offer them for cash, "to the high's bidder in dis crowd, a fus rate boy, A I, seun' an' healt'y, an' warranted not to cut in de eye, balk in de step, nor steal chickens that don't long to him; also, 'ditional, dis boy war only one par a shoes a year, an' deys good at de eend of it; takes keer on his close in partieler, an' neber goes cortin'; don't go to sleep ober his work, is 'speckful an' 'bedent; is six foot tree inches high, weighs two hundred an' twenty pouns, an' can do more work in house or fiel' dan any two niggers; 'sides, he eats less dan any one nigger. Step up hyar, Sam, an' show yourself to dese gemmen. Libely, now! Dar he is, gemmen! 'Mire him for yourselves!"

And the sable auctioneer pointed with a triumphant gesture to the subject of this extravagant enlogium—a scrubby, knotty, runted, gray-headed specimen of a field hand, about four feet and a half high, who mounted the box beside him, amid vast roars of laughter from the crowd.

"Dar he is gemmen—zamine him, an' start him at suffin, for he mus' be sole. What does you say?"

Several colored gemmen mounted the stand, and proceeded to "zamine" him. One violently pulled his mouth open, and reported:—

"Dis nigger not sound—one jaw toof done gone."

Another tried to straighten out a lock of his wool, with:

"Don't like dis—har kink too much—nigger lazy."

Another pretended to discover something besides ideas running through his wool, and concluded:

"Nigger's head too pop'lar"—(populous.)

Another said:

"Nigger's foot too long and slim—long foot nigger will steal an' run away; long foot nigger ain't worf jail fees."

Another:

"Nigger's toa nail's too long, a scratch paint off my parlor floor! No wants dis nigger. Yahl hy-ahl! Yahl yahl!"

"Well, gemmen, is you done looking at dat nigger? Is you satisfy? He's a prime lot. What do you say for de boy? Start him at suffin He's got to be sole—promptory sale."

"Ten cent!" came from the laughing crowd.

"Ten cent—ten cent! Going at ten cent—ten—ten—ten."

"One dime," from the crowd.

"Tank you, sar. One dime, one dime, one dime—g-o-i-n' at one dime—d-i-m-e. Too bad, genmen, make me sacfize dis artikel dat way. Say 'leben?'"

"One bit," from the crowd.

"Much 'bliged, sar! One bit, one bit, one bit, bit, bit, bit; goin' goin', won't nobody say 'leben for dis A 1, warranted &c., boy? goin' t one bit—goin'—g-o-i-n'—gone at ten cent! Yours, sar, an' a dog ight more dan he's worf!"



And he "knocked down" the property to the laughing purchaser, with a tremendous blow on the head with the barrelstave he used as a "hammer" which broke it in the middle, and "knocked down" the sold party off the box without his apparently feeling the blow, so massive was the conformation of his cranium.

That (says the reporter of the above scene) was the greatest auction sale that we ever saw.

Miss Phillisie and her Puppy.

Miss Phillisie was out promenading toder day, and she spoke to her favorite dog, "Come along, sir," when all at once Bill Johnson stepped up 'longside, and said to her so berry perlite:

"Was it me, Miss, dat you called?"

"No, sir-ee!" said Phillis, "it was anoder puppy I was speakin' to."

Ha! ha! de dear lam! dat was a settler for Johnson.

A Colored Philosopher

AVENDER CROW—A colored man, whose legs have been cut off above the knees, heard a couple of ladies commiserating his condition the other day, when he turned to them, and said:

"Why, Missus, you couldn't do 'em without breaking your backs a stoopin' down."

Moral.—Whole legs are not essential to happiness, though a contented spirit may be."

Modesty in the Dark.

"Pompey, we got a berry modest gal down to our house. Missus wanted her to sleep up in her sewing room last night, and de gal objected to do so, case dere was a cushion on de table wid needles in it."

"Why was dey so objectionable, Ginger?"

"Because she said dat de needles had eyes."

A Millerite Miracle.

In a little village, in the State of Hoosierana, in the year 1844, there was all sorts of excitement concerning the doctrines and prophecies of that arch-deceiver Miller. For months the midnight cry followed by the morning yell, had circulated through the village and surrounding counties. The night of the third of April was the time agreed upon out west here for the grand exhibition of "ground and lofty tumbling," and about ten o'clock of the said night, numbers of the Millerites assembled on the outskirts of the town, on a little eminence, upon which the proprietor had allowed a few trees to stand. — In the crowd, and the only representative of his race present, was a free negro, by the name of Sam, about as ugly, black, woolly, and rough a descendant of Ham as ever baked his shins over a kitchen fire.

Sam's head was small, body and arms very long, and his legs bore a remarkable resemblance to a pair of hams; in fact, put Sam on a horse, his legs clasped round its neck, his head towards the tail, and his arms clasped round the animal's hams, and at ten paces off you would swear he was an old set of patent gearing.

The leader of the Millerites, owing to an "ancient grudge he bore him," hated Sam like smoke, and had done all in his power to prevent his admittance among the "elect," but all to no purpose; Sam would creep in at every meeting, and to night here he was again, dressed in a white robe of cheap cotton, secured to his body by a belt, and shouting and praying as loud as the best.

Now, on the morning of the third, a genius named Cabe, had with a deal of perseverance, and more trouble, managed to throw a half-inch hemp cord over the branch of an oak which stretched its long arm directly over the spot where the Millerites would assemble; one end he had secured to the body of the tree, and the other to a stump some distance off. About ten o'clock, when the excitement was getting about "eighty pounds to the inch," Cabe, wrapped in an old sheet, walked into the crowd, and proceeded to fasten in as secure a manner as possible, the end of the rope to the back part of the belt which confined Sam's robe; and, having succeeded, "sloped" to join some of his companions who had the other end. The few stars in the sky threw a dim light over the scene, and in a few moments the voice of Sam was heard, exclaiming

"O Lor! I'se a goin' up' Who-o-oh!"



And, sure enough, Sam was seen mounting into the "etherial blue. His was, however, checked when he had cleared terra firma a few feet "Glory!" cried one; "Hallelujah!" another, and shrieks and yells made night hideous; some fainted, others prayed, and not a few dropped their robes and "slid."

Now, whether it was owing to the lightness of his head, or the length and weight of his heels, or both, Sam's position was not a pleasant one; the belt to which Cabe's cord was attached was bound exactly round his centre of gravity, and Sam swung like a pair of scales, head up and heels down, heels up and head down, at the same time sweeping over the crowd like a pendulum, which motion was accelerated by his strenuous clapping of hands and vigorous kicking

At length he became alarmed; he wouldn't go up and he couldn't come down!

"Lor a massy!" cried he, "jest take up poor nigger to um bosom, or lef him down again, easy, easy. Lef him down agin, please um Lor, and dis nigger will go straight to um bed! Ugh-h!"

And Sam's teeth chattered with affright, and he kicked again more vigorously than before, bringing his head directly downward and his heels up, when a woman shrieking out, "O, brother Sam, take me with you!" sprung at his head as he swept by her, and caught him by the wool, bringing him up "all standing."

"Gosh! sister!" cried Sam, "lef go um poor nigger's har!"

Cabe gave another pull at the rope, but the additional weight was too much; the belt gave way and down came Sam, his bullet-head taking the leader of the saints a "feeler" just between the eyes.

"Gosh! is I down again?" cried the bewildered Sam, gathering himself up. "I is, bress de Lor! but I was nearly dar, I seed de gate!"

The leader took Sam by the nape of the neck, led him to the edge of the crowd, and giving him a kick, said:

"Leave, you cussed baboon! you are so ugly *I knowed they wouldn't let you in!*"

How Julius Bowshanks Courted Dinah Fattibum.—In Ronial Verse.



was airly on a summer's morn,
While standin' nigh a silent mill,
I seed her take a paff dat led
Directly up de big green hill.
Two milkin' pails war in her grasp,
And as she tripped along,
I tort dat form I'd like to clasp,
Or make de burden ob a song.

She had a little stream to cross,
Dat run in bubbles nigh de road;
I boldly stepped to her and axed
Ef I might help her wid her load.
She raised her great big eyes on me,
Dat shine as bright as ebenin' star,
And set de pails down on de grass,
And said she raly didn't car.

I fust set boff de pails across
And den come back for she,
And lifting her up by de waste,
She trembling cross'd de plank wid me.



When I clasped her in my arms,
I found her limbs was berry stout,
But good fresh milk and corned pork
Am sure to bring sich tings about.

When we reached de odder side,
We boff set down togedder,
I pressed her hand 'twixt boff ob mine,
And found dem like sole ledder.
Dere war gum biles on ebery jint,
From little finger to de tumb,
But oh! her eyes bewitched me so!
Deir beauty almost struck me dumb.

Upon de side ob dat old hull
I spent de happiest hour
Dat mortal eber could suppose
Was in a mortal power.
For oh! in dat brief space ob time
I lost and gained a hart,
And I tink for de time it took,
'Twas bein' pretty smart.
Don't You?

Making an Apology.

Rudolph says that once upon a time a colored cook expected company of her own kind, and was at a loss to entertain her friends.—Her mistress said:

"Chloe, you must make an apology."

"Good Lord! missus, how can I make it? I got no egg, no butter, nor nothing to make it with."

Colored Duel

NOBODY HURT.—The origin of the deadly feud appeared to be—as one of the seconds stated—that one of the parties “was crossed in lub by de oder, and dat him hona must hab satisfaction.” The proceedings on the field of battle were as follows:

After having taken their stands one of the seconds noticed that owing to their positions, the sunbeams set his principal to winking and rolling his eyes. This was sufficient ground for interfering, and he calls out to the other second with:

“I say, I puts my weto on that possishun—it’s agin de rules ob all de codes of hona dat I see. De fraction of the sun shines rader too sewere, and makes my

principal roll him eyes altogedder too much.”

“Wy, wy, look here, didn’t we chuck up a dollar for de choice of ground, and didn’t I get him myself?”

“Yes, I know you did, but den fair play is a rule, and I’s no notion of seein’ my friend composed upon, and lose all the vantage.”

“Well, I’s no notion as you is, and ’sists on settlin’ the matter iust as we is—and—”

At this juncture a friendly cloud settled the matter at once, by stepping in between the sun and the belligerents. The principals took their position, and all the little preliminaries being settled, each one took his pistol, ready cocked, from his second. Both manifested a terrible degree of spunk, although a sort of blueish paleness overspread their black checks. The second who was to give out the fatal order which might send them out of this world, now took his ground. Raising his voice, he began:

“Gemmen, your time am come.”

Both signified their assent.

“Is you ready? Fish! one, two, three.”

Bang, pop, went both pistols at once, one ball raising the dust in the middle of the road, while the other took a “slantindicular” course among the bystanders, fortunately without hitting any one.

It was now time to interpose, and one of the seconds set himself about it. After a little conversation the challenged darkey stepped forward and said to his antagonist:

“Nigga, is you satisfied?”

“I is.”

“So is I, and I’s glad to get off so. Next time dey catches dis shile out on such a foolish exhibition as dis dey will fotch me. da’ dey will do for sartin.”

“Dem’s my sentiments edzactly,” retorted the other. “When your

omn-ortal instrument of def went off, I declare I thought I was a gone chila; but I'se so happy now—gosh! let's shake hands, and go back to our avocation."

In a short time all hands, principal and seconds, were forgetting the morning's sport in a friendly breakdown, accompanied by the familiar music of the Banjo, Bones, and Tamborine.



High Tariff Language.

"Ginger, did you eber hear my scientific language upon dat good old melody ob—

Dance, de boatman, dance,
Dance all night til' broad daylight,
And go home wid' de gals in de morning?

Single in de mazes ob de dance, thou knight ob de oar while de resplendant luminary ob de day has widrawn his light from de earf, till de bright Aurora gilds de eastern sky wid golden light, and den wid thy characteristic gallantry, accompany the fair and unsophisticated participants ob dy pleasures to dar paternal mansions. Ah, honey, dat am high tariff language."

Dey Won't Snell Strong in Heaven.

Camp meetings are famous in calling together large numbers of darkeys, as well as others in the South. A late camp meeting on the line of one of our main railroads was in no way deficient in collecting the usual numbers. The platforms at the different railroad stations,

both east and west of the camp, were crowded with those desirous of swelling the numbers at the "tented grove," among which were the usual proportion of darkeys. The train stopped at M———. Two young men were sitting together, facing an old woman who had been for some time engaged in singing some doleful tune. As the crowd entered the cars, one of our friends remarked to the other:

"They turn out strong this morning."

"Well," says the old darkey opposite, "if we do smell strong here, when we get to heaven we won't—bless the Lord!"

A Pole-ar Sleeping Place.



EXTRAORDINARY.—A man stopped at de hotel where I work; after dismounting and tying his horse, says he:

"Hallo, landlord, can I get lodgings here to night?"

De boss says.

"No, sir, ebery room in de house is engaged."

"Well, can't you eben gib me a blanket, and a bunch ob shavings for a pillow, in your bar-room?"

"No, sir, dar's not a square foot ob room anywhar in de house."

"Well, den," said de traveller, "I'll thank you to shove a pole out ob your second floor window, and I'll roost on dat."

An Irrepressible Conflict.



The Country is Safe.

"Say, Zeke, you cughter be more careful ob yourself; you haven't got de constitution ob some."

"Ah, Reuben, don't you belebe it; I've got de constitution ob a horse."

"Dam if I don't belebe I've got de constitution of the United States."

"Well, Zeke, if you am sound as dat you will last a long time."

Sharp Set.

"Joe, you know dat boy ob mine beats de berry debil; he takes arter his mudder."

"Well, Ginger, boys am like vinegar—de more "mudder" dar is in 'em, de sharper dey gets."

THE END.



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